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By and for men in the service

HORSE TRADE

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THE BIG B-29 INCENDIARY RAID OF LAST MARCH SET TOKYO BLAZING IN THE WORST FIRE IN HISTORY

By Sgt. KNOX BURGER
YANK Staff Correspondent

TOKYO—One night last March some 300 B-29s, loaded with incendiaries, flew up to Japan from the Marianas to burn out the heart of Tokyo's industrial slums. They set fires which leveled 15.8 square miles of the most densely populated area on earth. By the next morning, at least 100,000 people were dead and more than 1,000,000 were homeless. It was probably the worst fire in history.

Subsequent incendiary attacks devastated most of Tokyo, but in this first raid, which was without precedent in air war, more people died than were accounted for on any other mission—including the atomic bomb attack on Hiroshima. Statistics on the 1923 earthquake, which has been regarded as one of the worst disasters of our time, look pallid by comparison.

Tokyo is built along the edge of a big, gently curving bay. The city's two important rivers, the Sumida and the Arakawa, which almost come to a point several miles northeast of the Emperor's palace, bend apart as they wind down to the bay. The congested lowland between these rivers is shaped like a squat arrowhead. Crisscrossed by a network of canals, it is the site of the original Tokyo, the nucleus of Japan's population.

This was the target.

Up to the evening of March 9 the slum was a mass firetrap of flimsy frame houses and shops which housed a big percentage of the population in Tokyo. The streets through the area ranged from broad avenues to shoulder-width lanes winding between jam-packed houses. Several large factories turned out parachutes and airplane parts, but the real economic strength of the area lay in the thousands of domestic industries that had sprung up with war. Not many of the householders had refrigerators or electric stoves—drill presses were installed instead. And a lathe had come to be a common back-room fixture.

On March 9 a strong wind had been rattling the shaky panes in the doors and windows all day. For the past few nights single B-29s had appeared over the sky, without dropping any bombs but flying very low and setting off a riot of searchlights and anti-aircraft fire. A lot of people on the ground had the uneasy feeling that something was due to happen.

Flying up from Saipan and Tinian and Guam that night, the B-29 crews sweated. This was to be the first of the Twentieth Air Force's series of low-level night fire raids against Japan. Up to now 25,000 feet had been considered dangerously low. Tonight they were going in at altitudes of from 4,000 to 9,000 feet. The first ships in were 12 Pathfinders whose job it was to light up the outer reaches of the target area for the main force. Arriving about 2230, they were met by searchlights, accurate, intense flak and strong headwinds over the target. The others began to arrive shortly afterwards, droning over the bay in a sky-train which lasted for three hours, pouring millions of incendiaries inside roughly patterned circles laid out by Pathfinders. During the first half hour it was like flying over a forest of Christmas trees. The bombs flickered like faraway candles. Then the fires spread and merged. At the end it was like a flying super-blast furnace.

Heat thermals from the fires raging on the ground hurled the bombers thousands of feet upward in a few seconds. Gusts from the inferno were so powerful that 500-pound bombs which had been released were in some cases, according to some pilots' stories, thrown back into the bomb bays. The crewmen rattled around inside the ships like bones in a dice cup. The men in the last ships were sickened by the smoke and cinders that seeped into the planes a mile high.

DOWN in the city, a man named Yoshio Ohsawa saw the first fires flare up a few hundred yards from his bedside window. There had been a warning siren an hour or so earlier, but no bombs had fallen, and people had begun to think the planes were going some place else that night. He was understandably reluctant to go out to one of the little dugouts that served as air-raid shelters. It was a cold night and the wind cut deep.

Ohsawa told me that from his second-floor window the initial incendiaries looked like a Japanese-lantern parade. His first thought was to get over to protect the parachute factory where he and the other residents of the dormitory in which he was living were employed. The fires spread with amazing speed, and the men in the dormitory suddenly realized how bad things really were. By the time Ohsawa reached the downstairs hallway, there was a confused shuffle as the men raced to get out the door. Ohsawa, a methodical man, couldn't find his shoes, so he sat down in the hallway and groped for them. They were of leather and they were very precious to him. He finally found them, and as he was tying the laces he looked out the doorway for four friends who had run out into the night ahead of him. They had disappeared. He hasn't seen them since.

By this time Ohsawa knew there was no point in trying to reach the factory. He threw a quilt around his shoulders and ran toward a shallow

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DEVASTATION HAS [illegible] ITS MARK ON THE CHARRED CITY AND IN THE MEMORIES OF ITS CITIZENS.

FIRE

water tank he knew to be around the corner. As he ran for his life, he said, he found himself laughing. The fire burning behind the scene reminded him of a Japanese play in which the hero, wrapped in a quilt, flees a burning house. Ordinarily Ohsawa doesn't go near cold water—he hates it. But tonight he didn't even think twice about jumping in the tank and crouching as low as he could. He stayed there until almost dawn.

Several miles away a member of the Swedish Legation watched the attack from his house. "It seems to me when I think of it now," he says, "that the B-29s started like a fan, coming in from two sides, very low. The fan seemed to come in a point right over my house. The bombers were very beautiful. Their colors changed like chameleons. They were greenish as they passed through the searchlights, and red as they flew over the glare of the fire. At first the antiaircraft fire was rather strong but seemed badly aimed. Later, as the fires grew worse, it died away. I saw one plane being shot down, falling in several pieces. An intense fire broke out where it fell. Another developed a huge, golden, glowing bowl underneath it—I expect one of the incendiaries had exploded inside—and limped off over the horizon.

"The flames were very colorful. The white buildings of brick and stone were burning, and they gave off a very deep color. The wooden houses gave off a light yellow flame, and a huge billow of smoke hung over the edge of the bay."

At two in the morning, the Swedish diplomat, some three miles away from the fire, couldn't sleep because of the roar of the flames. The people in the area under the attack saw no beauty or pattern in the scene. The roaring, shifting ground winds and B-29s dropping more and more incendiaries made the course of the fire impossible to predict. In 15 minutes, the first chain of incendiaries, which Ohsawa had compared to a lantern parade, had run together like mercury on a plate and formed masses of flame.

Some people, following the directions given them by police and civilian fire wardens, stayed by their houses and formed bucket brigades, or transferred their families and their valuables into air-raid shelters beside the houses. Whole families were roasted as the flames engulfed these shelters and wooden doors and supports burst into flames of terrific heat.

Others, several hundred thousand others, with clothes and children piled on their backs, straggled off toward the rivers, the bay or an open space—whichever happened to be the closest. The wind acted like a lid on the fire, keeping the heat low and forcing the flames to spread out instead of up. Smoke and sparks were everywhere, and white hot gusts came roaring down narrow streets. As soon as the big, fluffy coverings on their backs caught fire or a kimono or a jacket started to smoulder, they could be ripped off by the wearers. Many people who hadn't had a chance to douse themselves with water were stark naked by the time they had reached safety. And safety that night was a sometimes thing. People crowded across firebreaks, hoping the broad lanes had halted the fire's spread, but the fire ranged on both sides, so people had to fall back into the avenues themselves. They lay down in the center of the streets as far as possible from the flames on each side. The next morning, vehicles couldn't pass because of the littered corpses. Waves of heat had swirled across the firebreaks and people burned to death without being touched by flame. Other blasts of pure heat struck down people as they ran, killing them almost instantly.

Most of the city's bus and streetcar companies were located in the target area that night. The bus people were caught with their garages full. Naked iron skeletons of dozens of trolleys which had been in the streets at the time of the raid blazed hotly along the car-tracks.

The wind seemed to blow the fire in all directions. A wave of flame had followed the people

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out of a block of houses like a surf breaker. Then, in front of the people, it would catch a load of incendiaries, and they would be walled in. Many times the flames, lashed by cross-drafts, reversed their field. All that night the general direction of the flight across the lowlands surged one way and then another as new fires started and the ground wind shifted.

Standing in the water of a little stream was a dark, slightly built Indian newspaperman named Kanthi Narain. Even now, he shudders when he talks about the terrific crackle of timber as buildings burned, the swishing of incendiaries as they fell, the endless clogging of smoke and the withering heat. There were 30 to 40 people huddled together, but the one man in the stream stood a little apart from the others, seeming to ignore the smoke and fire. Huddled to his chest was a sack of rice. He held it as a mother might hold a child.

Up to March 9 the Tokyo fire department had been under the impression that it was all set to meet an incendiary attack. In addition to creating firebreaks by tearing down the small wooden structures that surrounded important buildings and broadening streets, they had run slum dwellers through innumerable fire drills. Civilian wardens had been very carefully trained; literature and motion pictures on how to extinguish fires were widely circulated. Rivers and canals in the target area had been augmented by tanks and reservoirs spotted along the streets.

The fire commissioner of the Fukagawa district, perhaps the worst hit of all, said, "Everything burnt so quickly it was like a bad dream. We couldn't stand up against the wind." Mechanical equipment, trucks and pumps and hoses proved pitifully inadequate. The firemen had rushed to each burning area until the fire there got beyond control, then were forced to go somewhere else. They tried to concentrate their efforts on the big factories but the results were almost unnoticeable. Many firemen spent the night, hoses in hand, their backs to the firehouse wall in a last-minute defense of their own little bailiwicks. A large percentage of fire trucks burned, and scores of firemen were killed. Their failure was a tragic realization to the professional firemen of Tokyo. They had looked on themselves as a crack outfit. That night the flames hardly paused to hiss at the hoses.

Foreign-style buildings made of brick or stucco burned long and fiercely. The story goes that a sweating fireman complained of this fact to the owner of one of the Western-style houses. "This is taking too long to burn down," he said reproachfully. "At least true Japanese houses burn fast."

A hail of incendiaries tore through the roof of the parachute factory where Ohsawa worked. Several of its buildings burned down in 15 minutes from the time the factory was hit. The top floors of the main building were gutted, and the fire was working down to the main floor, which is largely occupied by a big plush clubroom for the management. The caretaker, who lives in a little room off the clubroom, saw the flames reach the hallway outside. The water taps were dry so, as his wife opened bottles, the caretaker emptied the management's carefully hoarded beer supply in the fire. He saved the clubroom. A policeman told me of one of the sturdy metal parts of the warehouse which burned so furiously that its contents melted. The sheen of molten metal spread across the street and ran down the side of a canal. The people were caught, and as their feet burned off they fell, writhing for a moment like insects on flypaper. Then the metal rolled down on the people hugging the sides of the canal.

As the fire approached the big Government rice warehouse, the police threw open the doors and started handing out sacks of rice to the people streaming past. Then as the flames lighted up the interior of the warehouse, the police fled. The sight of all those fat sacks of rice was too much for some people. The hands of corpses found in the warehouse ashes the next morning had rice clutched in their fists. All that was left of the bags of rice they had been holding were a few charred shreds of burlap.

By 2 A.M. the firemen and policemen were supervising the organized destruction of whole blocks of houses in last-minute efforts to check the flames' spread.

THERE was no real chronological height to the fire. The body of flames swept through the block of houses, feeding itself, replenishing its strength on tinder wood, then licked across the street and invaded the next block. The fire reached its peak in the first half hour. From then on the peak kept moving, spreading in all directions as more incendiaries were added, maintaining its fury as long as the wind and the kindling houses held out.

Some elementary schools, big concrete buildings of two and three stories, reefed by playgrounds, stood like islands in the fire. Many people saved themselves by going in the schools or huddling in the open spaces outside. But a lot of the islands were death traps. Thousands died on the playing fields, their bodies lying among the twisted, blackened metal slides and swings.

But anything that looked solid or substantial, anything, ironically, that was Western in its design and structure, attracted crowds of people. The fire surrounded a bridge which carries elevated tracks diagonally across a broad street. Over 1,000 people sought shelter in the underpass, all trying to crowd close to the fat stone abutments at the sides of the road. Those who weren't suffocated or crushed to death by the press of bodies perished in the torrid heat blasts that ran across the street. A man who saw the sight under the bridge the next morning told me there were 800 bodies stacked in the road. "They were like this," he said. He twisted his arms into grotesque angles, lifted one leg and stooped over as he cramped himself crazily.

BY dawn the wind had died and most of the fires had burned themselves out among the big granite buildings west of Sumida and at the Arakawa River, which formed the east edge of the target area. The next day was clear and cold. What had been the marrow of one of the world's most congested cities was a bed of ashes. Here and there a building burned, orange against a pall of smoke and dust that overhung the city. Blackened bodies lay strewn among the embers. Charred telephone poles stood along the streets, their tips glowing like cigars. For acres the only structures that rose above the horizon were an occasional double-decked storage vault, some schools and a few gutted factories. A forest of chimneys stood like sentinels, marking the sites where other factories had stood.

The survivors sat or stood looking stupidly at the monstrous flatness. They were too exhausted for anger or bitterness, too stunned to comprehend what had happened. Their throats and eyes ached from the smoke and the wind; almost all of them had painful burns. People got in line in front of aid stations and rice-distribution centers almost automatically. There was very little noise. Occasionally a brick wall would tumble. The police took charge of the dead, collecting corpses in piles and burning them. The piles gave off a blue-white smoke, heavy with the stink of death.

Outside Ueno Station, a horde of homeless waited for trains to take them to the country. Of the hundreds of thousands of people who had sought shelter in Ueno Park at the northwest edge of the fire, many stayed for days. There was no place else to go.

The military censors sought desperately to conceal the paralyzing effects of the fire. Newspaper accounts said only that some damage had been sustained. Sightseers were prohibited from entering the burned area. Photographs of the holocaust were destroyed on orders of the military. A few exist today. The efforts of propagandists were patently absurd. The homeless were to stream out of the city for days, carrying the story all over Japan.

The March 9 mission cost the attacking force about four percent of its planes and laid waste a greater area than any of the succeeding raids, which were carried out regularly and in ever-increasing strength until Tokyo was no longer considered a worthy target. The citizens of Tokyo woke up to the fact that there was a war on with an impact that was shattering. The military lost a large amount of face with the common people because of their inability to stem the stream of bombers. A Japanese newspaper editor I talked with said that after March 9 "the pure, direct instinct of the poor people in that vicinity was that this was the beginning of the end."

Without its domestic shadow factories to feed parts to the big assembly plants outside the city, Tokyo's aircraft production fell off tremendously in the ensuing weeks—a fact which could hardly be concealed from the people.

A wiry little fireman named Tadatochi Miyama, who says he worked 50 hours without rest during and after the fire, admitted that "as a Japanese I had to feel we would still win the war—but as a fireman, I didn't see how it would be possible."

AND it was Miyama who told me about the bicycle rider. The fire had swept over a man riding a bicycle. Somehow the bicycle remained erect and the man was still there in the saddle the next morning. His knees were bent in the posture of pedaling; his thin, charred body crouched over the handlebars in an attitude of desperate haste.

GIs and sailors walk down the Ginza shopping district of Tokyo, where a few buildings still stand.

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LOST and FOUND

Returning gadgets long given up for lost to their original GI owners is only one part of this outfit's job. It also checks up on some home-bound packages.

By Cpl. JOSEPH GIES
YANK Staff Correspondent

FOLEMBRAY, FRANCE—"Most of these guys never expected to see their stuff again," S/Sgt. Louis Fedeli commented, indicating a little assortment of 77,000 bundles of soldiers' property lining the warehouse walls and shelves from floor to ceiling. "When they find out they're getting it back, sometimes a year after they lost it, they figure they're getting a break."

Doughs who lost watches, cigarette lighters and wive's pictures when they were wounded in Normandy are now getting them back in neatly-wrapped brown-paper packages, sometimes on request and sometimes just out of a clear sky. Officers who left foot lockers in the UK when they headed for repple depples or outfits on the Continent are now reclaiming their long-lost pajamas and pinks. Soldiers who turned in duffel bags full of loot while on the move in the Battle of Germany are now getting their stuff sent home—or, at least, the legitimate portion of it.

Sgt. Fedeli's outfit, Q-290, at present located at Folembray, 12 miles from Soissons, is the Army's Lost & Found Department for the ETO, and its chief function is to act as storage depot for all personal effects that are turned in by or taken away from soldiers during combat because they can't carry them along. Besides the personal-effects bundles, Q-290 is custodian of 20,000 pieces of baggage left for indefinite storage, 15,000 pieces of property that just got mislaid in the shuffle and some $200,000 in cash which hospitalized soldiers turned in.

These figures represent only what the depot happens to have on the shelves at the moment. Things keep coming in and going out at a rate that makes a Chicago mail-order business look sluggish. Up to September, the depot had received 575,000 packages of personal effects, 76,000 pieces of baggage and a matter of $2,500,000 in cash and Army Finance vouchers. Lt. Maurice S. Pool, control chief of the depot, has seen to the safe return of most of the money by now, and incoming baggage and personal effects are finally tapering off. In November the depot will stop receiving items and will settle down to complete liquidation of goods on hand. A couple of months of steady work at top speed, and Col. A. C. Ramsey, CO of the depot, figures they'll be able to shut up shop.

Naturally, there'll be some stuff left over after the depot closes—stuff belonging to owners who can't be located. They will still be able to reclaim their property, however, because the left-over items will be turned in to the Army personal effects bureau as unclaimed or abandoned private property.

The Folembray depot is one of the many places where the Army is using a lot of non-GI help. There are 179 officers and EM working in the offices and warehouses, alongside 713 civilians and 206 PWs. The PWs, who are picked after screening and classification, are employed mainly in the warehouses on wrapping and packaging effects and on loading and unloading. French civilians handle the bulk of the correspondence and filing work, under the supervision of GIs.

Does the depot undertake to look through everybody's duffel bag or foot locker to see if there's anything illegal inside? Only if the package is sent for shipment to the States as unaccompanied luggage, and then only if no officers' affidavit is attached certifying the contents. Examining the contents of baggage is a tedious business, and Sgt. Fedeli and his crew take no pleasure in it. They long ago got over the stage of curiosity and amusement, and nowadays when they find a stuffed owl or a cutaway in a foot locker, it's just a pain in the neck.

"If an item is the former property of the German government, like pistols, knives, bayonets, Wehrmacht field glasses and cameras," Sgt. Fedeli explained, "it's OK for sending home. If it's private property, though, it has to be accompanied by a certificate of sale, or it's treated as loot and confiscated."

What happens to confiscated loot? It's turned in to the appropriate service authority—Quartermaster, Signal Corps, Engineers or whomever seems the most likely custodian, and becomes U. S. Army property.

Besides loot, there are a lot of items on which customs regulations come into effect. Money is one—you can only send $2-worth of foreign currency to the U. S., and many GIs, the depot has discovered, regard a whole collection of European currency of all denominations as an attractive little souvenir.

Short-snorters, consisting of a large number of bills pasted together to form a long roll, are a frequent headache at the depot. Sometimes a short-snorter runs to 30 and 40 feet in length and hundreds of dollars in value.

A sign in a sorting room of one of the three big warehouses lists the following intriguing items as non-importable: opium and narcotics, seeds, feathers, skins and furs, eggs, lottery tickets, gold in bulk, hay and straw, tea, matches, plants, medicines and obscene books and pictures. Very few of these articles are ever seen among the unaccompanied baggage headed for home. Customs permits one fluid gallon of liquor per customer, name your own brand.

Goods of considerable value turn up constantly—cameras, jewelry, watches, musical instruments, objects of art. If they are adjudged loot, they're remorselessly confiscated. Among items in the depot undergoing scrutiny right now is a beautiful pipe organ which a major is attempting to send to Camp Cooke, Calif. An expensive-looking accordion is awaiting decision on whether it goes to Chicago, where a lieutenant hopefully addressed his baggage, or to Army Special Service. A radio-phonograph, a set of several dozen costly surgical instruments, some automotive parts, half of a German radio transmitter and a collection of old coins believed to be worth $1,300 also face uncertain futures.

An outfit like Q-290 naturally performs a stupendous amount of paper work. A card file of 350,000 names is the principal weapon in the depot's paper war. Close liaison with the Central Machine Records Unit in Paris is a fundamental tactic.

IF it were as easy to locate all owners as it is to identify them through the Machine Records Unit, it wouldn't be necessary for claimants to write in or call for their things. Everything could be sent out from the depot. However, constant shifting around of military personnel within the theater in the past year makes finding owners of property too tough a job in many instances. Col. Ramsey and his staff, therefore, hope every officer or EM who ever left a foot locker or PE back anywhere will try getting in touch with the depot. Just write to Q-290, APO 513. Units can apply for property of all members, and it's all right to drive up with a jeep or truck and ask for your stuff without first writing a letter or going through channels.

Q-290 exercises a control over the only other storage depot of any size in the theater—at Liverpool, England, where there are 30,000 pieces of luggage still lying around the old staging area. Some 55,000 officers' foot lockers and bedrolls have been brought from the UK to Folembray, and Q-290 has a card file on the lockers and bedrolls still in Liverpool.

"I don't mind the job," Sgt. Fedeli confided. "There's only one little thing—I wish the guys would stop trying to send hand grenades home."

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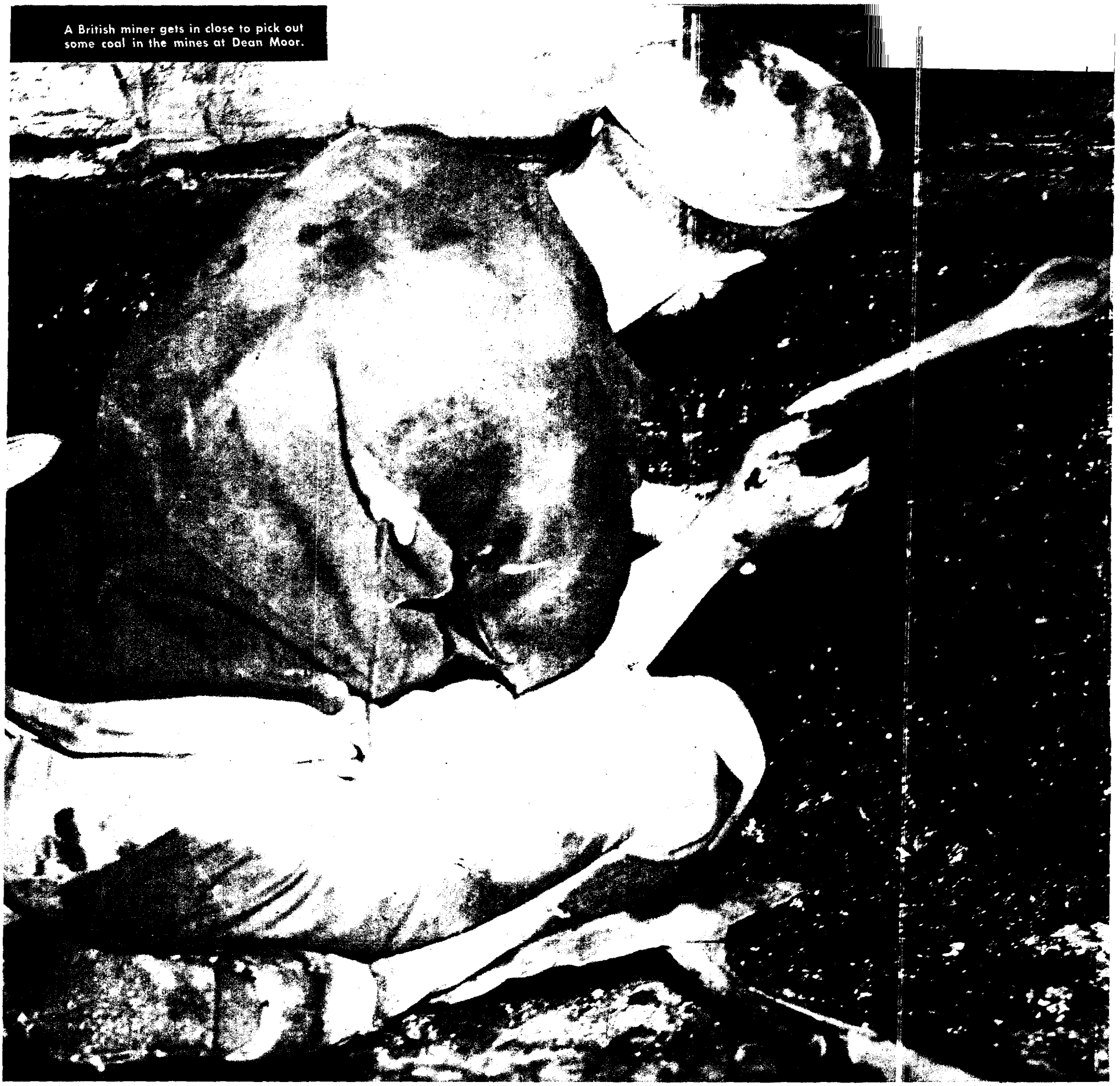

A British miner gets in close to pick out some coal in the mines at Dean Moor.

The coal problem England faces is not just a worry for this winter; it's a major Government problem.

By Sgt. EARL ANDERSON
YANK Staff Correspondent

LONDON, ENGLAND—"Britain is one of the great workshops of the world, and depends for continued prosperity upon her ability to produce manufactured goods in factories, mills and works throughout the land, all or nearly all of which are ultimately dependent upon coal for their operation."

This statement on the importance of the coal industry to British economy comes from the Reid Report, an analysis prepared by a committee of mining engineers headed by Charles Carlow Reid and submitted to the Minister of Fuel and Power in March 1945.

The committee goes on to state its confidence that this dependence of British industry upon coal does not constitute any permanent handicap, provided that the technical reorganization of the coal industry is planned and carried through with vision and drive, and provided the confidence and fullest cooperation of the workers can be secured and established.

It shouldn't need a special prod to point out to American GIs—particularly to American GIs who have served in the ETO—that the degree to which Britain can solve her problems is a matter of primary importance in the over-all European picture and to a lesser degree in the world-wide postwar picture. How successfully Britain meets the problem of getting back on her own feet after six years of war may furnish a gauge by which the rest of Europe and even some of the Pacific nations can be judged. The free world for which we fought cannot support national failures, internally or externally.

The need for reassurances about the future of Britain's prime industry follows logically, because for years it has been a sick industry in the view of both British economists and practical businessmen. The wartime Coalition Government under which the Reid Report was prepared was only one in a long line of governments that had been concerned with the plight of the mines.

In the election last summer following the break-up of the Coalition Government, one of the Labor Party planks called for the nationalization of the coal mines. The Laborites were selected with a large majority in Parliament.

Emmanuel Shinwell, Minister of Fuel and Power in the new Government, has told the miners that legislation for public ownership of the mines will be brought before Parliament without delay. The owners of the coal mines, possibly feeling that they are bowing to the inevitable, have come out with a public statement offering cooperation with the Government in the transition period. That does not mean that there will not be a lot of pencil sharpening and some disagreements when the owners and the Government get together to figure out what the mines are worth and how much the public will pay for them.

But there are other, more pressing problems.

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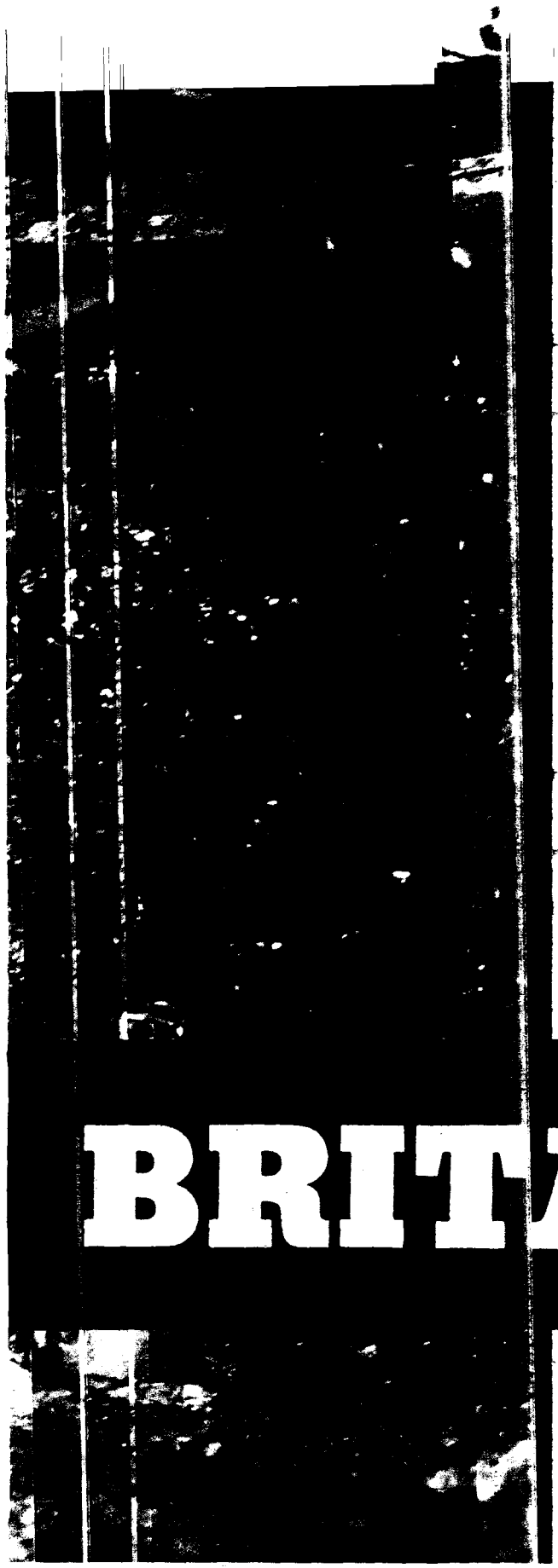

BRITAIN'S COAL

The coal shortage is here and now. The coal shovel will be scraping the bottom of British coal bins before the winter is over. The railroads, the gas works and other industries have been aware of the shrinking stock piles; this fact was brought home to the public when, a few weeks after they had turned on the street lights following long years of blackouts, Shinwell had to request all street lights again be turned off after midnight in order to conserve coal.

EVERYBODY realizes that nationalization alone is no immediate cure-all. Even if it could be accomplished overnight it would not mean better mechanization of the mines—a step the importance of which seems to be accepted by all parties. Nor do the promises of future nationalization necessarily increase the morale of the miners now—which is the most important factor in getting sufficient coal for the winter's needs. Shinwell highlighted some of these things when he talked to representatives of the industry last August. He said:

". . . I am not going to wait until nationalization has become fully effective to produce benefits to the miners. Every practical step in the direction of improving safety and promoting healthier conditions will be taken, nor will improved welfare conditions be overlooked. We are on the threshold of a new era for the industry, and the benefit will be shared by miners, coal consumers and the whole nation.

"I have no reason to suppose that the coal-owners will create difficulties about national ownership. There are many among them who are progressive and will welcome far-reaching reorganization of the industry. As far as I am concerned, I shall see that they are fairly treated, because there is no use haggling about the cost of transfer if we are convinced—and we are fully convinced—that it will in the long run pay the nation to take over the industry. But I shall expect fair play from the owners during the transition period. They must help me to get more output, and I believe most of them will, but if any of them should foolishly seek to put obstacles in the way, I shall have no hesitation in applying all the powers I possess to deal with the situation.

"I shall need the mine managers and other mine officials when nationalization comes, and their status and general conditions must be improved. They must not be hampered by the wage disputes at the pits. I look to them to organize the pits, so that I can get the increased output. My principal task is to deliver the goods this winter and then put the whole industry on its feet, and with the necessary cooperation I intend to do so."

Much of the immediate chore of increasing production by 8,000,000 tons between now and next March—the target figure—falls on the shoulders of a short, 50-year-old South Wales miners' leader who left school at 11½ years of age and went to work in the mines when he was 14. He is Arthur Horner, coal-production director in the Ministry of Fuel and Power. He knows mines and miners, for he has fought the miners' fight, first as a Socialist and later as a Communist.

British commentators generally agreed that Horner's biggest job would be to break down the traditional suspicion of the miners for the mine-owners and to persuade them to use every means to increase production by making full use of the technical knowledge they possess. The present job is to make the most of the labor and equipment now in the pits.

The production campaign of the Mineworkers' Union is in full swing, with the loud pedal banging down to the theme that the miners can and must speed nationalization by giving the country the coal that is required. In the first week, a half-million leaflets were distributed. They reiterated the importance of coal to British industry. And if it is true that "the way to a man's heart is through his stomach," then one part of the campaign should be successful, for it points to the importance of reviving the coal-export trade as a means of paying for essential food imports.

The Mineworkers' Union has been given more responsibility. It now deals with absenteeism, for instance, instead of the Government making investigations and prosecutions under the wartime Essential Work Order.

But even though the Mineworkers' Union does grow in stature and responsibility (and it already has a long history of political action and militancy behind it), the labor problems are by no means solved. Traditionally, the mines of Britain have been manned by sons following in their fathers' footsteps and thus learning a trade which is much more difficult than many realize. This source of manpower can no longer be relied upon, and now, it is pointed out, the coal miner's job must be made as attractive as those offered by new factories moving into the same area and also looking for employees in the war-depleted market.

On the other hand, Britain's coal must be competitively priced both for the export market and for its industries. Already the steel companies here claim they are paying almost twice as much for a ton of coal as their competitors in the States.

BEFORE making suggestions for the future of the industry, the Reid committee took a look backward at the history of British coal mining. It gives an interesting picture of the future that can be expected. In part, the committee said:

". . . the years of which we write, and the years which came before were the days of the pioneer. The thriving industries of the biggest exporting country of the world needed coal, and yet more coal; and a large export trade was built up, which contributed greatly to the national wealth and well-being.

"The employers and the mining engineers who made this possible were hard-working, adventurous and self-reliant men. They set out to get cheap coal, and the country reaped the fruits of their efforts. If they were hard taskmasters, they worked hard themselves, and they depended on the work of men's hands rather than on machinery. They believed in competition and were prepared to meet it. Their capital resources were often limited, and, as soon as a mine was sunk, the cry was for output. Whatever planning was done was, for the most part, on a short-term basis. In their work they met many difficulties, and they were not always successful in their ventures. The dangers of loading, for example, with the crude pumping machines available, were often a nightmare.

"Though they left the mining engineers with a legacy of mines not easy to reconstruct to fit the requirements of today, these men were the product of the days in which they lived, and the circumstances of the time dictated their actions.

"The miners, generally speaking, lived in isolated communities with little access to towns or contact with those employed in other industries. The whole life of these communities was bound up with the colliery upon which the livelihood of the population was largely dependent. With few alternative openings for employment, the sons followed naturally in the footsteps of their fathers. As soon as they left school, they would enter the colliery and proceed to the working place, in some districts at once, and in others after a period on the haulage, there to be trained by their father, or another miner, and learn all the traditions and customs amongst which he lived, the gradualness with which the methods of work had changed, and the fear of unemployment (without the measure of security now provided by insurance) all combined to lead him to regard the introduction of machinery with misgivings, and sometimes with open hostility. He preferred to preserve his traditional methods of work and the customs with which he had grown up on the job, unsuitable though they sometimes were, to the changing industrial circumstances of the time.

". . . the old miner . . . worked hard and played his part in helping to build this great industry. Perhaps his skill and craftsmanship were neither sufficiently remunerated nor recognized. We know, at least, that the grievances of these past days are still in the minds of many, and there has been a tendency to hand on the memory of them when their reality has largely disappeared."

And so, with nationalization of the coal mines pledged in its election platform, Britain's Labor Party tackled in this field, as in so many others, the immediate problems of manpower, mechanization and morale.

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THE COMICS

An investigation of what makes Kid Eternity tick and of the wartime publishing bonanza in "funny books."

By Sgt. SANDERSON VANDERBILT
YANK Staff Writer

MAYBE you were amazed to learn that science, after juggling around with a few neutrons and some stuff called plutonium, had come up with an atomic bomb that could wipe out a whole city. Maybe you thought those plans the Germans had of burning their enemies to a crisp by means of a solar mirror 50,000 miles up in the air were strictly the old craperoo. Maybe you'd be startled if you saw a man stop in the street and casually push over a skyscraper. If so, it's time you curled up with a couple of good comic magazines and got a load of the shape of things to come—maybe.

Indeed, if anyone ever had the right to say "I told you so," it would seem to be the boys who cook up the plots for the colored strips which appear in the 150-odd so-called comic magazines that are being published in the States these days. As a matter of fact, it would not have been too surprising if, in the reverberations of the explosion of history's first atomic bomb, there had been the delicate overtones of a razzberry—sounded, of course, by the comic-magazine people in the direction of the would-be sophisticates who have always looked upon such publications as a substitute for an opium pipe and a not very good one, at that.

For, as everyone knows who has ever put in half an hour with one of these stimulating periodicals, the primary aim of most of them is not to be comic but, in the best Superman tradition, to play up feats of human and scientific prowess which, until Hiroshima, seemed as out of this world as—well, an atomic bomb.

Even the comic-magazine standbys like *Tip Top*, which features such newspaper-born comic creations as Li'l Abner and the Captain and the Kids, have gone in for similar features in a big way. Forced by Post Office Department regulations pertaining to second-class mailing privileges to give at least 20 percent of their space to "new" (hitherto unpublished) material, they have devoted practically all of it to Superman-type strips.

Now, as the time approaches when people will think no more of cracking an atom than they do of breaking an egg, it remains to be seen whether comic-magazine fans, feeling that their faith in this form of reading matter has been justified, will become increasingly loyal to it or will take the attitude that truth is beating the pants off fiction and change their reading habits.

In all events, it seems highly likely that the new vistas opened up by the smashing of the atom are going to have a profound effect, however unpredictable at the moment, upon the contents of comic magazines. This, therefore, would appear to be as good a time as any to take stock of what these forward-looking periodicals were up to on the eve of the new era.

The comic-magazine industry is only about 12 years old, but it has been one fast-growing baby. At the moment there are some 150 of the publications on the market, most of them monthlies costing a dime apiece, and they have a combined circulation of around 30,000,000 copies, a total that has been fairly well frozen lately, thanks to the paper shortage. But this figure is only the beginning, because people who go in for comic magazines in a big way have a habit of passing their treasures on to their pals. After making a survey of the situation not long ago, the Market Research Company of America estimated that 70,000,000 people, or just about half the population of the U.S., are addicted to comic magazines. So you can see that if you happen to be one of those who have been bit by the bug, you've got plenty of company.

Some people have been inclined to be harsh in their criticism of comic magazines. The Chicago *Daily News*, for example, once called them "badly drawn, badly written and badly printed—a strain on young eyes and young nervous systems." The *News* apparently felt that the comic-magazine public consists mostly of kids. If it did, it was wrong, because figures show that plenty of adults are just as hepped on the strips as are youngsters. Market Research found that these "books," as comic magazines are often called by their admirers, are read by 95 percent of all boys and 91 percent of all girls between the ages of 6 and 11, by 87 percent of all boys and 81 percent of all girls from 12 to 17, by 41 percent of all men and 28 percent of all women in the 18-to-30 age group, and by 16 percent of all men and 12 percent of all women 31 or over.

It's no news to anyone who has ever killed a Sunday sprawled on his sack in a barracks that GIs go for comic magazines in a big way. At PXs in the States purchases of these books run 10 times higher than the combined sales of the *Saturday Evening Post* and *Reader's Digest*. What's more, we've got Market Research's word for it that 44 percent of all Joes in training camps read the books regularly and another 13 percent take a gander at them now and then.

FAR fairer than the Chicago *News'* attitude toward comic magazines was a recent article in *Science Digest* which had this to say about the people who do and don't read them: "Those who have escaped addiction look upon the comics as the pabulum of the half-witted and emotionally infantile. But certainly many celebrated adult addicts are men and women of intelligence and maturity." It has been found, continued the article, that whereas 25 percent of those adults whose education carried them only through elementary school read comic magazines regularly, 27 percent of those who got through high school but no farther are similarly sold on the books. Among college graduates, 16 percent can't leave their comics alone.

Okay, that's enough background. Now let's have a look at two or three of the strips which captivate those many "men and women of intelligence and maturity" as well as millions of others. One of the things you have to admire about the gents who get up these magazines is the broad sweep of their imagination and their refusal to let themselves be tied down by that attention to minor details which cramps the hand of lesser craftsmen. Take, for example, the artists who turn out "Blackhawk," a 15-page strip featured in *Military Comics*, which boasts that it contains "stories of the Army and Navy."

Blackhawk is the name of the hero, a character who, although he hangs out at the American Army Intelligence Headquarters at an advanced Pacific base and pals around with the brass there, wears a blue uniform. Offhand, therefore, you might assume that he's in the Navy, but he ain't. He's a little Army all by himself and as such presumably will be called upon sooner or later to sign the United Nations Charter.

With a babe named Golda, Blackhawk in the September issue of *Military Comics* flies over the Jap lines and gets shot down. The two of them bail out and parachute cosily to earth, arm in arm, and chatting as they descend. Golda is wearing a kimono which, fortunately for the magazine's mailing privileges, clings about her legs instead of acting as an auxiliary 'chute. Upon landing, the pair is attacked by a company of Japanese Infantry who are well armed but considerately hold their fire, preferring instead to let themselves be knocked out by Blackhawk's numerous haymakers to the jaw. Returning to his base, Blackhawk has a ticklish time in landing because he's flying a Jap plane and his buddies on the ground take a few pot shots before he quiets them by standing up in the cockpit, flinging his arms out wide, and hollering above the roar of his engine, "It's Blackhawk, gang! Let me land!"—thereby making everything jake.

That's only the beginning of this strip, but it's undoubtedly enough to give you an idea of what it's all about.

Or take Kid Eternity, the head man of a strip by that name in *Hit Comics*. The Kid is dead, but has been given "strange, immortal powers," a fact which, in addition to making him quite a guy, gives his creators considerable leeway in the action they dream up for him. As the strip currently in circulation opens, we find The Kid sitting on a cloud discussing the situation with a portly individual known as Mr. Keeper, who is apparently sort of a St. Peter, or even God, and whom the Kid refers to chummily as "Keep." The Keeper suddenly recalls that down on earth the Cards are playing the Dodgers and whips out his portable radio, remarking, "These mortals have some wonderful inventions. No one up here could have invented the radio." Old Keep would seem to be selling heaven short.

Anyway, right in the last half of the ninth inning, with the score tied and the bases full, Keep's radio goes dead and, with a noise spelled as "WHRAMM!" he and The Kid take off for earth to find out what's wrong. It seems there's plenty wrong. A chap named Mr. Silence has rigged up a machine which puts an end to all sound just so that his henchmen can break the glass in Diffany's jewelry store window and loot the joint without being heard. Even The Kid and Keep can't hear each other speak. "I wish I knew what this is all about!" exclaims The Keeper, who for a celestial being seems rather befuddled.

The Kid gets into a lot of fist fights with the evil forces of silence, reincarnates Daniel Boone (complete with coonskin cap) to help him, and finally noise and order are restored. Then back go The Kid and The Keeper to their cloud, where The Kid lies back and relaxes happily while Keep laments the fact that he forgot to find out how the game between the Cards and Dodgers came out.

Or take Plastic Man, the hero of the lead strip in *Police Comics*. Like The Keeper in "Kid Eternity," Plastic Man has a nickname by which he is known to his cronies. Plas, they call him, and he's a humdinger because not only can he stretch his arms, legs and neck to any desired

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length but he can turn himself into a chair that bounces around conking evildoers on the noggin. Plas wears dark goggles and a tight-fitting red jerkin with a yellow-and-black belt. When he becomes a chair the tell-tale belt can be seen circling its back but what happens to the goggles isn't exactly clear. Absorbed into the upholstery, probably.

PLAS seems to be a self-appointed cop in a big city, and his main concern is checking up on the activities of a fellow named Oscar, who looks very much like Coo-Coo, the Bird Girl, in Barnum & Bailey's freak show. You can take Oscar's word for it, it's no fun having Plas on your tail, because you never can tell when he'll crane his neck a mile or so and look you in the eye. Oscar, in the September issue of *Police*, bones up on witchcraft and then hustles up to the State Legislature to ask for an appropriation of five million dollars to enable him to go into magic in a big way.

The lawmakers listen attentively to this reasonable proposal until Plastic Man, getting wind of what's going on, hotfoots it to the capital, stretching out his legs like a couple of pythons. His head and shoulders enter the legislative chamber while his feet are still somewhere down on Main Street, and he tells the assembly that Oscar is a crook. At this the august gentlemen rise as a body and bellow, "Hit the road!" Oscar is assisted in doing so by Plastic Man's arms, which reach all the way down a flight of stairs to ease the bum out.

A really bright guy would probably feel he was licked at this point, but not Oscar. He figures he'll get rid of Plas for good and calls a meeting of some magicians and sorcerers to do him in. Plas outfoxes them by showing up at the meeting disguised as a magician and bringing along a dummy of himself which he goes through the motions of killing by hypnotism. Thinking Plas is out of the way, Oscar and some of his pals return to the capital, planning to get some money out of the legislators by threatening them with death by magic. But Plas is there first, now disguised as a chair, and he bounces around on the heads of Oscar and the gang. When they try to escape he resumes his semi-human shape, turns his arm into a lasso and traps them all. It's just the good old TS for Oscar from there on in.

Or take—but maybe that's enough.

You might get the idea from all this that the editors of the comic magazines spend their whole time pondering the imponderable, scrutinizing the inscrutable and contemplating their cosmic navels. Such, however, is not the case. Like ordinary mortals, they have their lighter moments in which they turn their attention to the world of the shapely gam and the burgeoning bust. In addition to the old-line comic books which feature newspaper-strip humor, there are many of the magazines which regularly devote at least one strip to the antics of the younger set, antics in which the moon is treated as a spur to romance and not as an object to reach in a rocket.

THE youthful heroes and heroines featured in this lighter phase of the art frequently converse in a hepcat jargon which may well be the voice of the future. If so, it might be better to smash all the atoms there are right now and call it quits. Possibly just one example of such strips will suffice, and a fast-moving number called "Candy" in *Police Comics* will do as well as the next to give you an idea. Candy is the name of a young and leggy lass whose blond boyfriend called Ted has been known to make some readers wish they'd lower the draft age to 16. We first find him calling for Candy in his car to take her to the beach for a picnic, and the young lady is, of course, ready for the occasion in a tight-fitting yellow bathing suit.

"It's a super-duper day, Ted!" Candy screeches as she sprints for the car. "I can hardly wait to hit the waves!" The two of them start out along a placid little suburban street, and before they've gone 10 feet the exuberant Ted makes it clear that he's having the time of his life. "Wowee!" he exclaims. "This is terrific!" Candy isn't having such a bad time, either. "Now you're steaming, demon!" she says, not straining for a rhyme. "Woops! Bank this buggy around the bend!" Ted falls right in with this hot idea and turns the corner. "This isn't the shortest way," he explains, "but anything you say, honey child! Just name it!" It is interesting to note that, although this particular strip was drawn before the end of gas rationing, Ted seems to have no trouble at all keeping his tank full enough to drive Candy all over hell and gone.

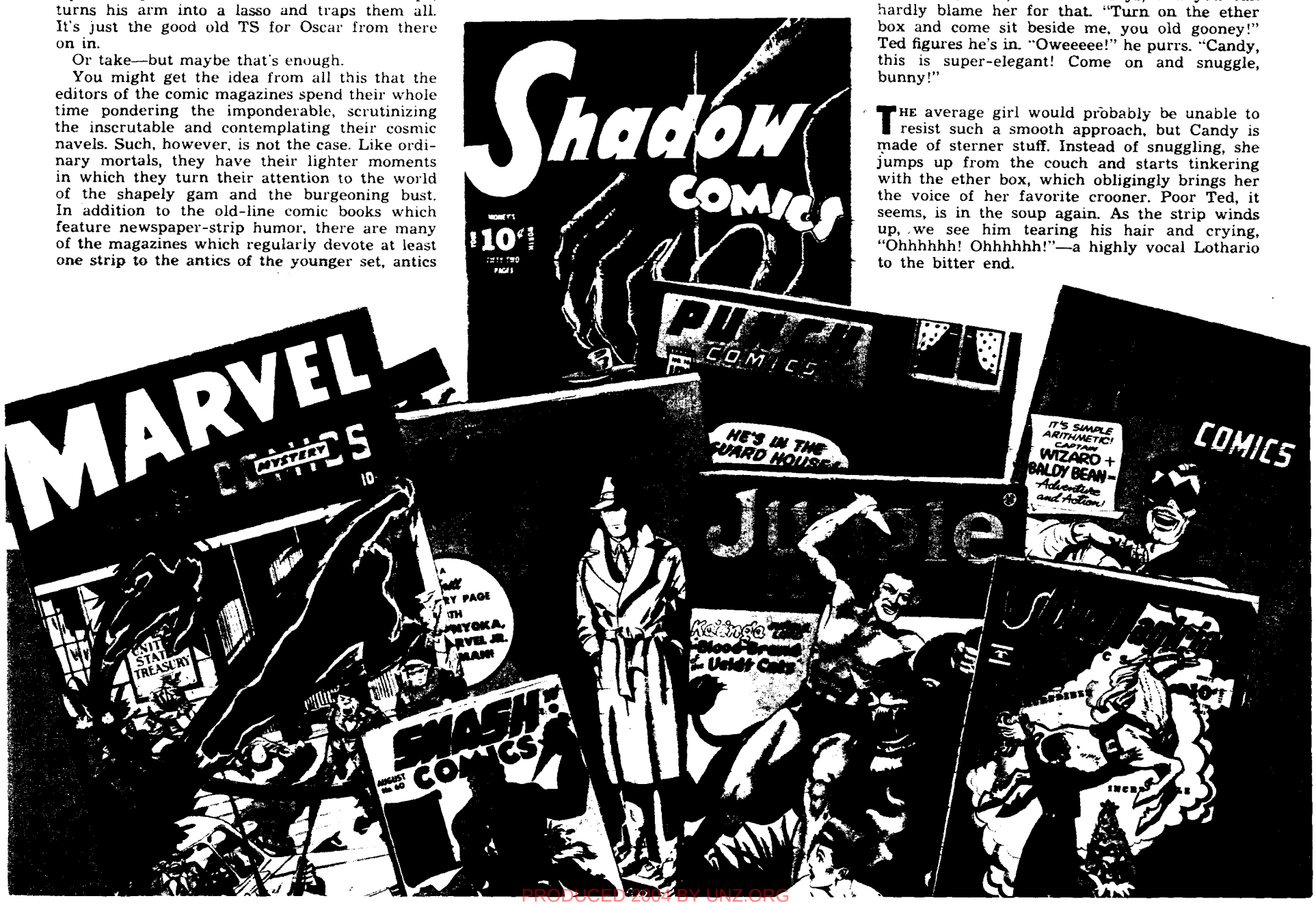
It develops that Candy wanted to take the detour in order to pick up one of her girlfriends, a chick by the name of Trish. "Okay, Mac! Sand your hack! Whoa boy!" is the diffident manner in which she suggests that Ted pull up in front of Trish's home. Ted doesn't care much for the idea of lousing up his date by taking along another quail, but there doesn't seem to be much he can do about it, and pretty soon he discovers that Candy plans to make it a real outing when she commands him to stop and take aboard a couple more babes. "Candy, this is going to turn out to be a real hen-huddle!" Ted complains petulantly, with the help of the inevitable exclamation point. But Candy puts him in his place. "Don't be such a droolie!" she says.

Once at the beach, Ted goes off by himself, moaning, "What a predic!" At this point he is approached by a strange gent in an oversize Panama hat who says, "I don't think you're handling this situation kee-rect!" and advises Ted to make Candy jealous by mousing around with some of the other tomatoes. "Wow!" shouts Ted, never one to embrace an idea half-heartedly. "That sounds all reet!" So he grabs one of Candy's friends and dunks her in the water, exulting, "Hot diggety! This is keen strategy!"

Things get pretty involved when Ted finds Candy and the guy in the Panama hat sort of fooling around together in the woods. They get even more involved when it starts to rain and the Panama Kid drives off with Candy and the other girls. "Boy, what a king-size mess!" Ted shouts to himself, tooling home alone in his open car through the rain. "Picnic ruined!" he continues, itemizing the ingredients of this major catastrophe. "Rain! And Candy riding off with another guy—a stranger! I wouldn't blame her if she *knew* the creep! But this is too much!" Ted goes around to Candy's house for "one last good-bye." She's not there, so he waits outside, hiding behind a tree, until 9:30 P.M., when she arrives home from a night club with Panama, who asks if she would mind giving him a good-night kiss. "Of course not, you old swoonie!" Candy replies. Next we are shown a close-up of Ted going nuts behind the tree while Candy and Panama embrace, producing a sound like the crack of a rifle—"*SMACK!*" All's well that ends well, however, for at this point Candy says, "So long, Uncle John!" thus disclosing that Panama is a legitimate relative and not the lecherous city slicker Ted had imagined.

And is Ted happy? Well, you bet. "Oh, wowie zowie, Candy!" he whoops, as Uncle John drives off down the street with lipstick all over his avuncular puss. "You're a sugared honey bun!" Candy settles down on a couch, and for a minute it looks as if our hero were about to make some time. "Oh, hush, Ted!" she says, and you can hardly blame her for that. "Turn on the ether box and come sit beside me, you old gooney!" Ted figures he's in. "Oweeeee!" he purrs. "Candy, this is super-elegant! Come on and snuggle, bunny!"

THE average girl would probably be unable to resist such a smooth approach, but Candy is made of sterner stuff. Instead of snuggling, she jumps up from the couch and starts tinkering with the ether box, which obligingly brings her the voice of her favorite crooner. Poor Ted, it seems, is in the soup again. As the strip winds up, we see him tearing his hair and crying, "Ohhhhhh! Ohhhhhh!"—a highly vocal Lothario to the bitter end.



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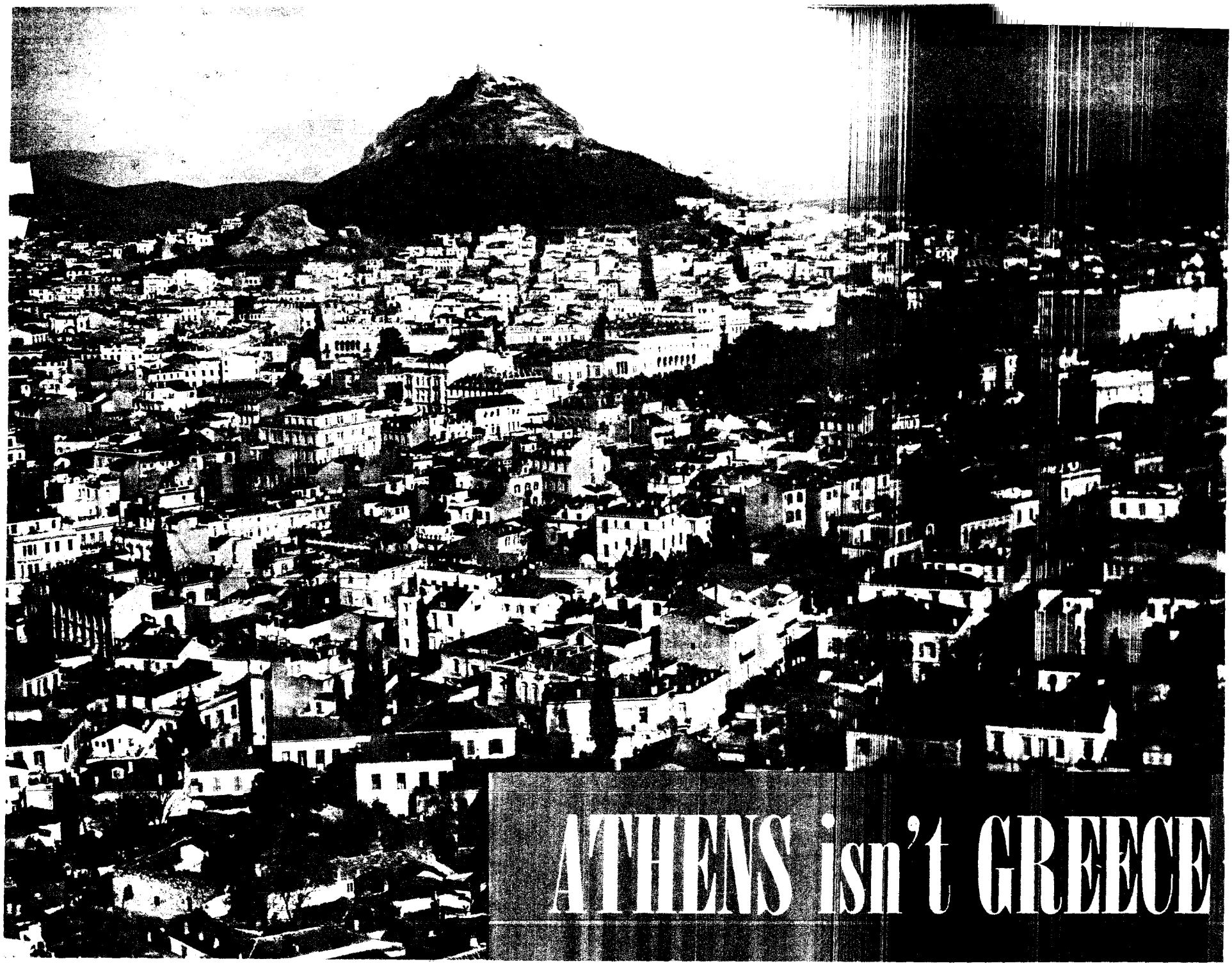

ATHENS isn't GREECE

GIs walking through the capital's wide streets on furlough glimpsed only the better side of this country, whose poor depend on UNRRA for life itself.

By Cpl. IRA FREEMAN
YANK Staff Correspondent

ATHENS—GIs and officers who were flown by Special Services from MTO and ETO to Athens for a week's rest saw no evidence of "starving Greece." Only the Greek-American GIs, taking advantage of the postwar tour to see their folks in the old country, got some picture of the truth. The majority never suspected it from the appearance of Athens, especially downtown, main-street Athens, where restees spent most of their time and money.

Athens was virtually undamaged by World War II and only comparatively scarred by the brief civil war of last December. The city, sacred as the cradle of Western civilization, was not raided by the Allies, although the surrounding airfields and Piraeus, its seaport, were.

Today the wide streets are filled with civilian traffic. The shopping districts are bustling until 1:30 P.M., the stores displaying large stocks of silk shirts for $30, rayon dresses for $50, cotton cloth, leather goods, good shoes for $56, plenty of Rolleiflex and Zeiss Ikon cameras for $250 to $600. The shops on Winston Churchill Street (formerly Stadium Street) are filled with good brier and meerschaum pipes, silver jewelry, gorgeous embroidered blouses for women. The newsstands on University Street, the main stem, are loaded with Lux and Palmolive soap, Kolynos tooth paste, Colgate's shaving cream, Gillette razors, American, British, Turkish and Greek cigarettes. Liquor stores have scotch, Canadian whisky and French champagne. On side streets in the native markets off Ommonia Square, peddlers vend Del Monte canned fruits, Pet milk, well-known brands of canned meat and fish and vegetables.

Some of this is on the up-and-up. United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration supplies are legally put into the market by the Greek Government. Some of the stuff for sale had been artfully hidden by the Greeks since before the war. But other products have been stolen by dock workers and truckmen from relief shipments, smuggled in by merchant seamen or sold by the many British soldiers here out of their canteen rations. In any case the Greek police do not seem to molest the merchants.

In the fine, cool evenings, the acres of outdoor cafes on Constitution Square and along University Street are jammed to the last table. Night clubs like the Miami and Argentina, garden restaurants like Jimmy's or Adams' Bar serve big meals of chicken, steak, rich pastry, ice cream sundaes.

Of course, prices are high, but not so steep as those in Paris for food, drink and entertainment. For example, at the Miami (where an EM had to shed his stripes to enter, incidentally), dinner costs $8 apiece, with table wine about $1.50 a bottle extra. These prices are given according to the current exchange rate for Greek *drachmae*. You could get 500 *drachmae* to the dollar at the Finance Office; on the black market, a blue-seal dollar bill fetched three times as much.

The American restees found the Athenians fairly well-dressed, with the exception of the barefoot shoe-shine boys who infest almost every European city. The Athenians did not fawn upon Americans as the Italians do, and they preferred their own Turkish-type cigarettes to ours. A pack of American cigarettes brought only 50¢ on the black market. There were numerous sidewalk peddlers, but few beggars.

Very many Greeks speak English, so the funny language with its illegible alphabet was no great barrier to friendship with the natives. Our GIs were agreeably surprised at how attractive the Greek girls were; not so voluptuous as the Roman *signorine*, the men from Italy agreed, but still mighty nice.

"Don't think the clean, brisk appearance of Athens stands for all of Greece," informed British and American officials, as well as natives, declared. "The capital has a population of 1,000,000, one-sixth of the country's total, and it is the show place of the nation."

EVEN in Athens there are slums, where the people are packed in houses of mud walls, like Hoovervilles, and where UNRRA has set up feeding stations to see that little children get at least one meal of 600 calories a day. Wages of mechanics, waiters, clerks, dock-wallopers and other city workers average only 375 to 625 *drachmae* a day, about 75 cents to $1.25. And that does not go far in a man's family when bread costs 250 "dracks" an *ocque* (about 2½ lbs.); meat, 1,000 an *ocque;* fish, 700 "dracks" an *ocque;* eggs, 50 "dracks" each. A cheap cotton shirt costs a worker two days' wages, a pair of flimsy sandals costs five days' wages.

But the restees saw none of this. They saw the clean, white city, with the dramatic ruins of the Acropolis hill visible against the cloudless sky from every part of the town. The brass lived in the Grande Bretagne Hotel on Constitution Square; at night they could take a taxi to the

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Miami to watch the erotic La Belle Smaro dance.

The EM were billeted in two villas on the shore of the Aegean Sea about eight miles out of Athens, with frequent bus service to town. The drought allowed them running water only three days a week. All the best night clubs, restaurants and hotels were off-limits to them. But they had their own lively nook run by the GIs of the ATC in the old Russian Bar on University Street. Scotch and champagne were dirt cheap there, and a dance band played three nights a week. The command closed the joint at 9:30 every evening, however, and the Red Cross once made a pass at taking the place away for a regular coffee-and-cake-with-checkers hang-out. But the GIs rallied behind Cpl. Billy Bournias, Greek-American manager, protested and saved the club as it is.

Athens is full of British troops, but only about 800 American soldiers, including those attached to ATC who run the Eleusis Airport, and the 345th Engineer Battalion, which is building airstrips at Hassani Airport, have been stationed there. In addition, from 100 to 200 restee officers and GIs were flown to Athens weekly through the fall.

For GIs, Athens was a change and a rest, but it afforded insufficient recreation. The American beach club was free to all American personnel, and there were sometimes American, Red Cross, UNRRA and embassy girls there, but never enough, and, anyway, the bathing season ended in September. The rest camp ran one tour a week to the Acropolis; other tours had to be arranged through American Express at $4 a man. More than seven months after our troops arrived in Athens, the Red Cross had not come up with anything. Our GIs were welcome at the British movie house, since we had none of our own. Excellent symphony concerts were played every Monday in the ruins of the outdoor Amphitheater of Herodes, an ancient king of Attica.

But the principal amusement was taking a girl to the Greek movie theaters, where the pictures were Hollywood, with Greek titles for her benefit, and afterward to the Russian Bar or a civilian *taverna* for a drink or some Turkish coffee. You had to be careful in the *tavernas*, though; there were epidemics of dysentery, trench mouth and typhoid circulating around.

Driving over the terrible dirt roads of the back country in Greece, you passed long convoys of brand-new 1½-ton trucks, shiny in their maroon paint, which have recently begun to arrive from America by the hundreds. The roads are sometimes no more than a pair of cart ruts over the dry, stony hills, and the life of a new tire averages ten days.

These trucks, shipped in by UNRRA and driven now by Greeks, are carrying building materials to devastated villages, carrying warm clothes contributed by Americans or knitted by Red Cross volunteers to stock piles in distribution centers, carrying food to warehouses throughout the country. They are racing against winter; some settlements of Greece are snowed in for six months, while others cannot be reached by truck in any weather, and supplies have to be packed up goat trails to them on the backs of donkeys or men.

In a country so woefully poor in communications as Greece, trucks spell the difference between success and failure of the relief program. At Piraeus, the port of Athens five miles outside the capital on the Aegean, prefabricated truck parts in huge wooden crates are slung from big, anchored freighters onto lighters and transferred thence to the docks. On the occupied docks, the crates are broken open and the trucks assembled on the spot; then they are filled with gasoline and driven right off to work.

UNRRA is doing one hell of a job in Greece, to which it has shipped 700,000 tons of relief supplies, about 40 percent of the agency's total shipments, since it began its work last April 1. Greece is No. 1 on UNRRA's list of needy nations and has received more than any other country so far.

The biggest item is, of course, food, with clothing and building materials next. Agricultural production, thanks to the Germans and the drought, will be 40 to 80 percent less this year than the prewar average; and even in the best of times, the stony, ancient, eroded, shallow soil of Greece could not feed the population of 6,000,000. UNRRA aims to give each Greek at least 1,755 calories a day, little enough compared with the more than 4,000 calories an American soldier eats daily.

Greece suffered property damage of more than two billion dollars during the war, a lot for a small country. The Germans destroyed 2,000 of the 11,000 settlements in the country. Nearly one-fourth of the people lost their homes, and UNRRA has undertaken also to send 450,000 displaced Greeks back where they came from. It is estimated the majority of people have less than 46 percent of adequate clothing.

Most of the people are small, freeholding peasants. Outside of the textile factories around Athens, Greek industry never was much, and the war against fascism cost the country 30 percent of even that. About 300,000 workers are unemployed, with the total raised by frequent strikes for higher wages, and farmers often cannot afford to sell their stuff for what city dwellers are able to pay.

Shipping is vital to the economy of Greece. Half of the country's two million tons of merchant ships was lost during the war, and the rest has been engaged in general Allied movements. After liberation in October 1944, Piraeus, which used to handle 70 percent of all shipping in Greece, was entirely unuseable, with the quays smashed, sunken ships blocking the entrance, storage buildings and loading machinery destroyed. After eleven months' work, about 15 percent of the port facilities were in operation. The only two refitted piers able to berth ocean-going vessels have been reserved exclusively for British military use. UNRRA operates virtually all the rest of the port and with hand labor, yet twice recently the rated capacity of the port, 4,000 tons a day, was exceeded.

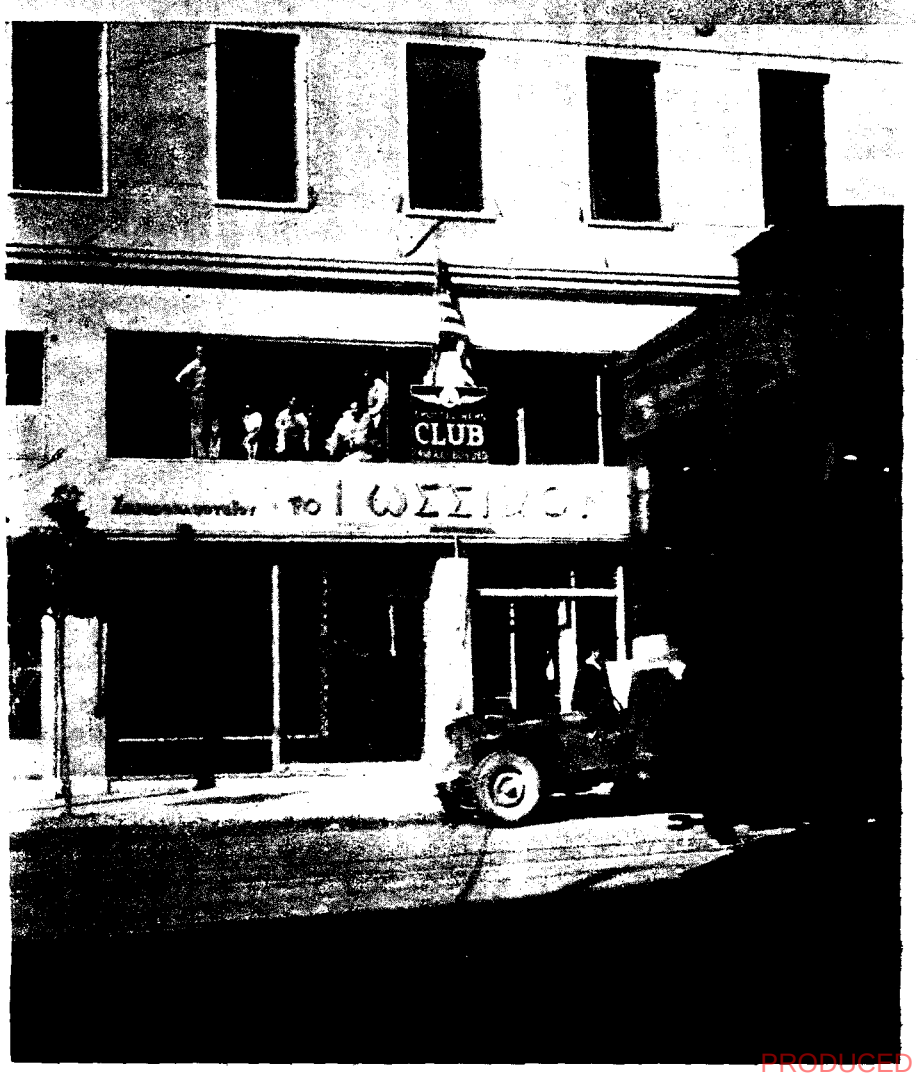
Nothing is wasted. Sides of the big crates in which truck parts arrive are made available as walls and roofs of temporary housing. Old GI gasoline cans make a flooring to keep grain sacks, stored under canvas outdoors, off the damp ground, and thus save precious lumber.

From Piraeus, many supplies are transshipped to 10 other smaller ports in Greece. These are carried in little, uncertain-looking Greek coastal freighters raised from the bottom, and in *caiques*, which are native, two-masted sailing ships under 100 tons, a familiar sight in the Aegean islands. From the smaller ports, supplies go inland for further distribution in Greek towns and villages.

Things are tough all over Greece now, but probably nobody is actually going to starve or freeze to death this winter. And if the Greeks have a word for the relief system that has saved them—it is UNRRA.

Two GIs climb the marble steps leading to the top of the Acropolis.

The American EM's club is a former pastry palace on Athens' main drag.



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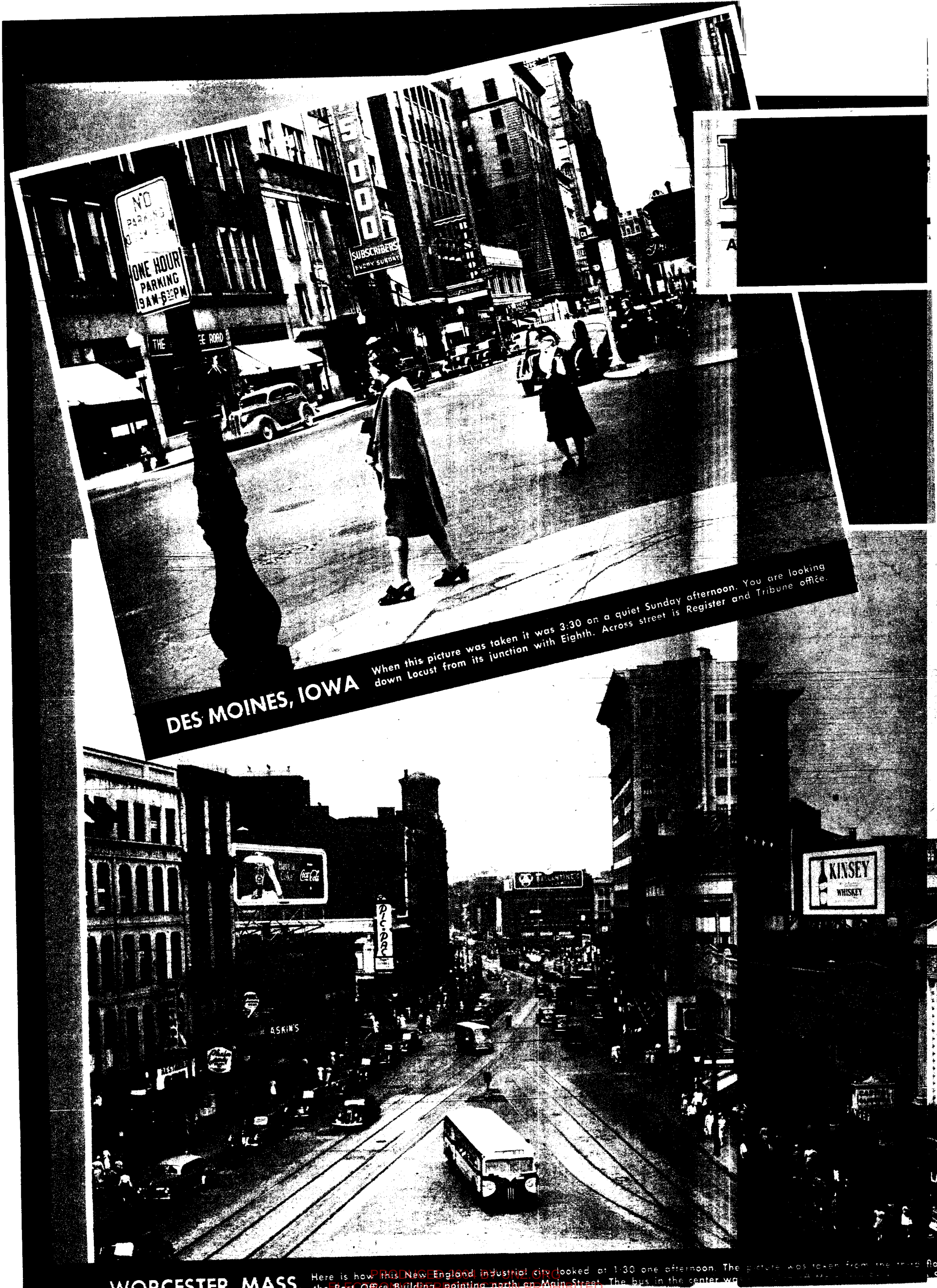

DES MOINES, IOWA When this picture was taken it was 3:30 on a quiet Sunday afternoon. You are looking down Locust from its junction with Eighth. Across street is Register and Tribune office.

WORCESTER, MASS. Here is how this New England industrial city looked at 1:30 one afternoon. The picture was taken from the third floor the Post Office Building pointing north on Main Street. The bus in the center wa

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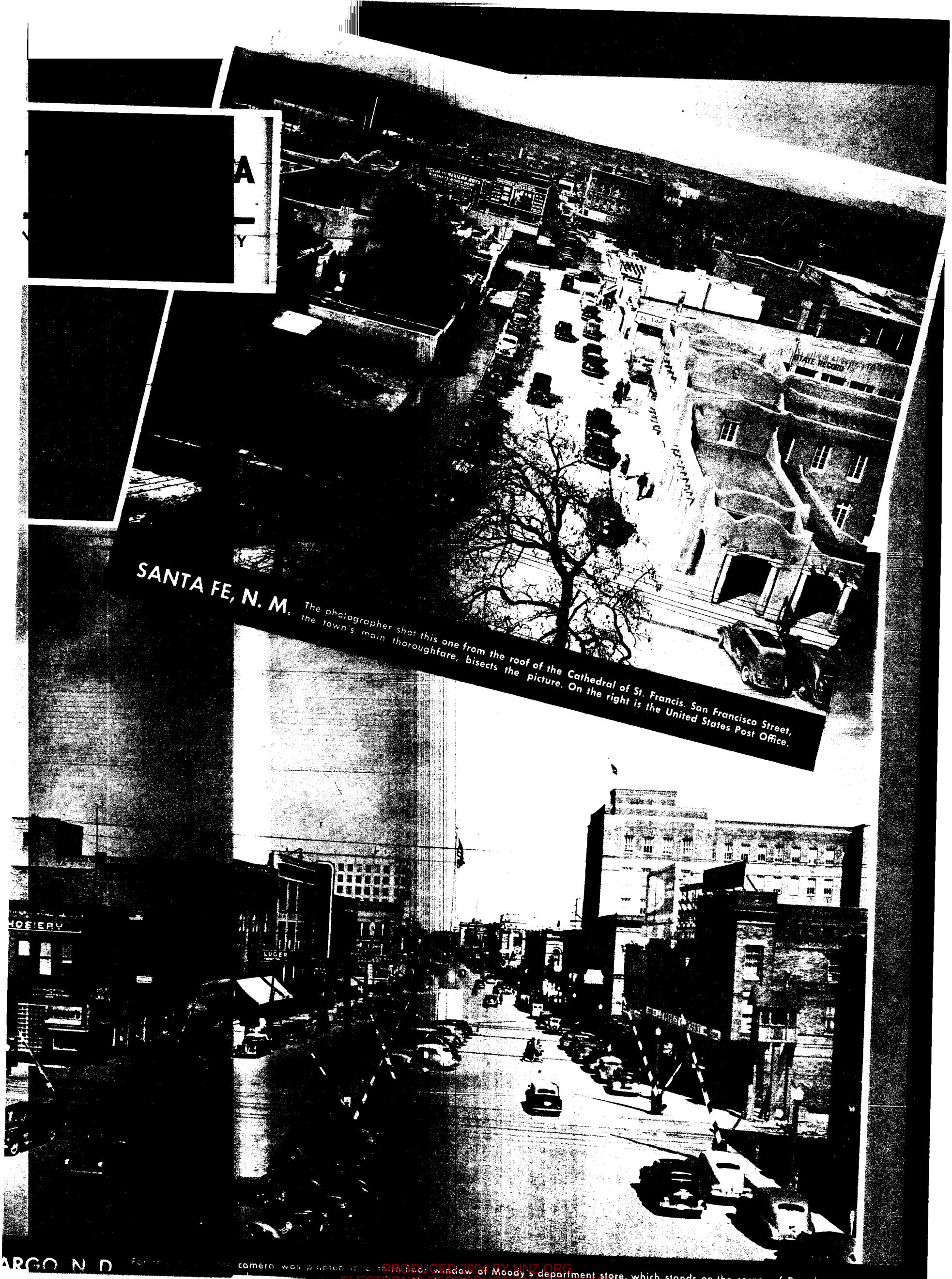

SANTA FE, N. M. The photographer shot this one from the roof of the Cathedral of St. Francis. San Francisco Street, the town's main thoroughfare, bisects the picture. On the right is the United States Post Office.

ARGO N. D. For [illegible] camera was planted in a [illegible] window of Moody's department store, which stands on the corner of Broadway

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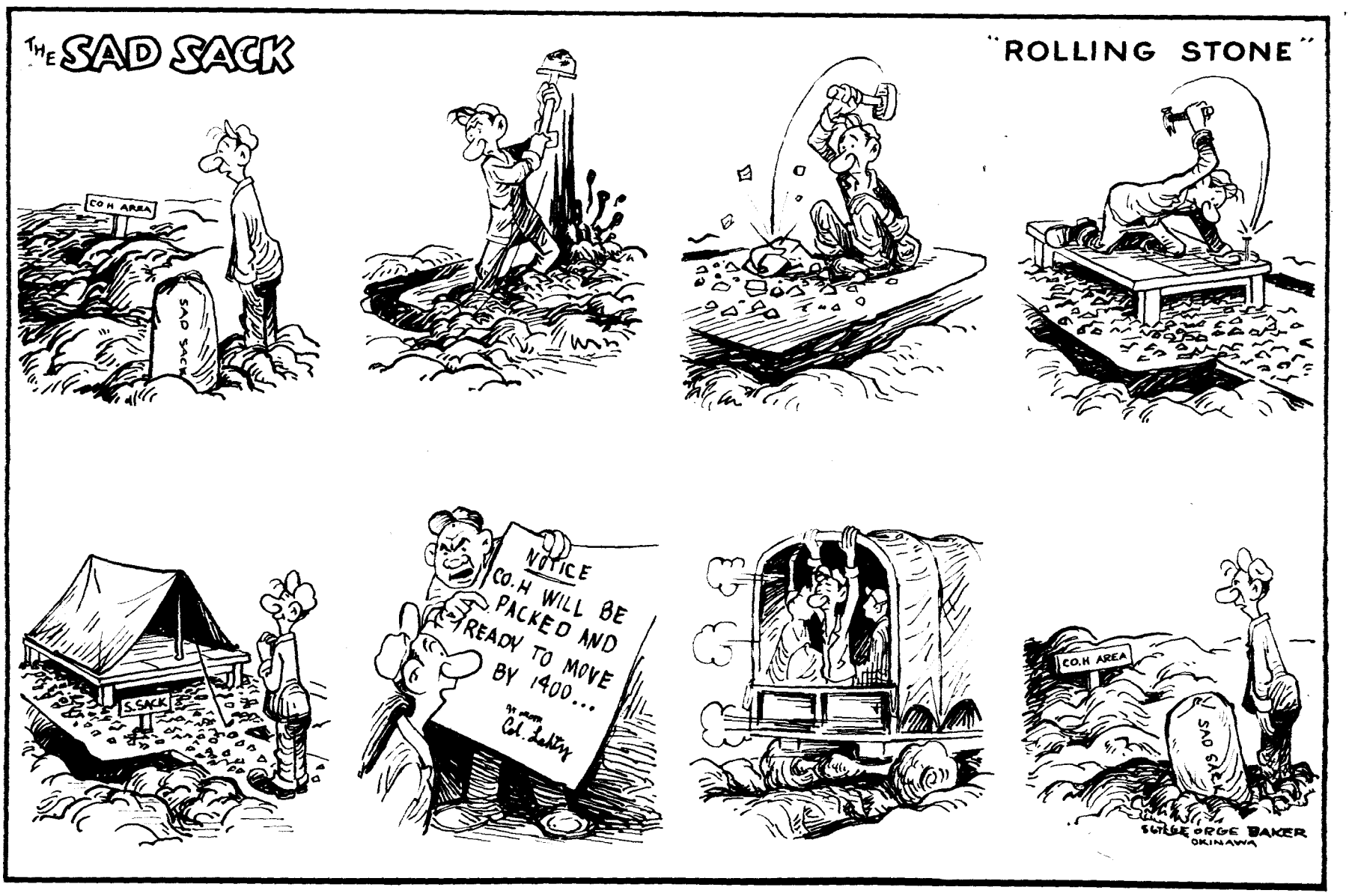

By Sgt. LEN ZINBERG

THE girl said, "Personnel manager will see you now," and he stood up, straightened his new tweed suit, ran his hand over his hair and walked into the other office—the picture of confidence. Then he stopped still and stood there, embarrassed, not knowing what to say.

The personnel manager grinned at him. "Well, well, look what we have here to start the morning—Lt. Shaw! Remember me?"

Shaw said, "Of course, Cpl. O'Hara. I mean, Mr. O'Hara." He stumbled over the words.

O'Hara stood up, looking very big and executive in his pencil-stripe suit. He pointed to a chair and said, "Sit down, Ed. Seems awkward not calling you Sir. You don't mind, my calling you Ed?"

"No, it's all right. I mean . . . your name is Jack, isn't it?" Shaw said, sitting down.

O'Hara offered him a cigarette and sat down. The ex-lieutenant lit it nervously. "Better call me *Mr.* O'Hara—at least around here. Office discipline, you know."

"Certainly, Mr. O'Hara."

For a moment the two men looked at each other, then O'Hara laughed. "I can't get over it!"

Shaw got red in the face as he tried to smile. O'Hara said, "Let's get down to business. What sort of job do you want, Ed? This is a big concern. Ought to be able to give you something."

Shaw said, "I was studying business engineering before I went into the Army, Mr. O'Hara. I know a little about cost accounting, bookkeeping, and I thought I could possibly get a position in the accounting department." His voice trembled, and he tried hard to control it.

"Never finished college?"

"Three years, then I was drafted. I'm going to night school now."

O'Hara leaned back in his chair. "Any practical experience?"

"None, except my Army experience," Shaw said weakly.

"No college degree, no business experience, and you're about 25—not so good."

"I put in four and a half years," Shaw said. "Right from school to the Army. I'm 26."

"Kind of old to start from the bottom. As an office boy, for example," O'Hara said, smiling.

Shaw fought to keep his voice calm. "I'm willing to work my way up," he said, "but I was in hopes I'd start as a junior bookkeeper. After all, in the Army, I did have quite a lot of experience in keeping books, the responsibility of a big job and. . . ."

"Seems to me Sgt. Caron ran your department, along with that skinny pfc whose name I forgot," O'Hara said. "Four years in the Army and a first lieutenant. Never advanced far."

"You know the T/O trouble we had."

"Oh, I sure do," O'Hara said. "Couldn't get more than one damn stripe for 15 months in Italy! Well, that's all water under the bridge now. Tell you, Ed, you weren't a bad joe. Quiet. A little stuffy and overbearing at times, and it was hard for me to take orders from a kid like you, after all the experience I had in civilian life. But you never went out of your way to pull rank. I think maybe we can help you out. Suppose you come back Monday. I'll have something for you in the accounting department. Salary be about thirty a week to start." O'Hara crushed his cigarette in the ash tray and Shaw knew the interview was over.

"Thank you very much, Mr. O'Hara." He started for the door. As he was about to open it, O'Hara called him back.

"Guess I treated you pretty shabby," O'Hara said. "I'm sorry. You were a pretty good officer, and you're probably a competent man. You understand how it is, I just couldn't help rubbing it in a little. I mean, an opportunity like this doesn't come often. Hell, I get ex-officers in here every day, but one from my own outfit—well, I'm sorry if I gave you a rough time."

"Sure, I understand," Shaw said.

"And don't worry about the job. I'll give you all the breaks I can."

Shaw nodded to the girl as he passed her desk, and stopped when he reached the sidewalk to wipe the sweat from his face.

For a while he stared up at the big office building, then slowly walked away. Although he needed a job badly, former Lt. Shaw knew he wasn't coming back Monday, or any other day.

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PX

Contributions for this page should be addressed to the Post Exchange, YANK, The Army Weekly, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y.

Margie

T-5 Henry Boddle was not very happy. If he left the Army, as he was now eligible to do, he would be leaving Margie behind.

The regulations were written for men like Henry Boddle. He liked the feel of carbon paper as he folded an official document into his typewriter. He liked the firm movement of locking the keys in capital letters to write BY ORDER OF. He even liked Saturday-morning inspections, with the subsequent list of offenders which never included his name.

Henry had found a home in the Army, and it was mostly because of Margie.

He admitted to himself that he was half in love with her. When he first looked at her soft brown hair, her quiet blue eyes and that gallant little chin, Henry knew he was a goner. She melted everything that was soft in Henry—which was quite a lot—and she had guided him through many an Army crisis.

Because of her he had given up craps. Margie, with her gentle yet ominous warning about saving money for the future. Even Henry Boddle, in love though he was, sometimes wished Margie wouldn't always talk about money.

Once, in one of her recent posters, Margie had snickered at a souvenir lamp that some GI in India sent home. She ridiculed the lamp and indicated she felt the soldier should have saved the money.

Privately, Henry thought the lamp looked pretty good, but he knew that Margie was right. She always was. He saved his money, and he knew that Margie would be proud of him.

A few months later Margie came out strongly in favor of silence and military security. Henry Boddle became a very silent man. Her favorite expression now was a wistful, longing look, her hands clasped in prayer, as she pleaded, "Please get there—and back!"

Henry Boddle was aware that Margie was overlooking certain important factors in the situation, such as the effect a stray piece of shrapnel can have on the movements of a soldier. But his devotion was unswerving. He got so tight-lipped, in fact, that he refused to discuss names on the next day's latrine detail.

So the months passed. New pictures of Margie arrived in the orderly room mail. After they were posted in the office for a month, Henry took them to his barracks and thumb-tacked them there.

Then one day, suddenly, the Japs gave up. Henry's orderly room was a madhouse for weeks, filled with EM putting in for discharge or arguing, later, about their point credits.

Henry was up to his ears in work, and his life now was clouded with indecision. Should he put in for discharge? What about Margie?

On the day the War Department dropped the critical score another five points, a swarm of GIs descended on the office. They neglected to knock as they entered. They leaned on the first sergeant's desk and flicked ashes on Henry's morning report.

The incoming mail lay unopened on his desk. Henry was too busy to get to it. Men neglecting to knock as they entered the orderly room marked the first breakdown of military discipline and courtesy. He wondered what Margie would say about that. He sighed, and when the gang of GIs had gone he began to fill out his own application for discharge.

Then his eyes fell on the morning mail. At the bottom of the pile was a long cardboard cylinder. He grabbed it and ripped it open, and unrolled the slick paper inside.

He stared for a moment at the colored poster, and the little lines of worry around his eyes began to disappear.

For there was Margie again, bigger than life, gentle and lovely as ever, looking straight into his eyes and telling him what to do.

"Stay in," she said. "The Army gives you travel, education, and training. We need YOU in the job ahead!"

Henry got four thumbtacks and put the poster on the wall facing his desk. He returned to his desk and began to whistle "Reveille."

Camp Crowder, Mo. —S/Sgt. R. W. MORTELL

POTS AND PANS FOREVER

Of all KP duties, the lowest I've seen
Is the scrubbing of vessels for GI cuisine.
The cooks and the bakers delight, so they say,
In the soiling of pans twenty times in one day.

The scrapings are scorched, and the grease is congealed,
And the soap leaves the hands with the skin nicely peeled.
But some day each scrubber a surcease shall find
From this dank abnegation of body and mind.

Let each reeking vassal of brush and harsh soap
Balm his grease-sotted soul in retributive hope
That the cooks and the bakers, yes, mess sergeants, too,
Will in Satan's good judgment be given their due.

Old Satan's first sergeant will tell each to go
As a scullery slave to the regions below,
Where white-coated knaves of the cookery clans
Will spend eons unending on pots and on pans.

Luzon —Pvt. EDGAR M. YOUNG

RANTING ON RATINGS

The Army's inconsistency,
It never fails to baffle me.
For in the front-line Infantry,
Non-technical as it can be,
T-ratings all abound.

While in the Air Corps technical,
Where T-stripes are unethical,
Line duties only mythical,
Line ratings all are typical,
None other to be found.

France —Cpl. B. J. CATE

Glass of Milk

So I get home at last. I'm in such a hurry, in fact, that I get off at 125th Street instead of going all the way to Grand Central. I ring the bell at home and wait.

Then I wait some more. Mrs. Montsie from down the hall peeks out her door and sees me.

"Is that you, Hank?" she sings.

"Yeah. Where's everybody?"

She stands inside her door peeking out. "They went to the station to meet you," she says. "Didn't you see them?"

"What station?"

"Grand Central, I think."

"No wonder." She stands there a minute, then says good-bye and shuts her door. I am out in the hall by myself.

After about half an hour, during which I've called myself every name I learned in the Army, I hear them coming up the stairs—Ma, Pa, my sister Alice, and a man's voice which I don't recognize. When they come around the landing I see that it's a big tech sergeant. Alice is hanging on his arm and mooning at him.

"There he is!" Ma yells. "There's Hank! We waited for you at the station—what happened?"

I kiss her and shake hands with Pa, and Alice introduces the tech sergeant. His name is Joe Hanley, and Alice knew him in high school, and they just bumped into each other at the station, wasn't that funny?

"Yeah," I say, "it's a small world."

This guy Hanley is wearing a Combat Infantryman's Badge, like me, and he's three ribbons and two overseas bars ahead.

—T-5 Leroy B. DeCamp, Camp Rucker, Ala.

"MAYBE YOU THINK RATINGS AIN'T TIGHT IN THIS OUTFIT!"
—Pfc. Mark W. Hild, Wright Field, Ohio

"Hello," he says to me, very friendly, and I see his eyes drop to my pfc stripe.

Alice sits next to him, with her legs curled up on the sofa, and the way she looks at him is a shame. Pa gives him a cigar, and Ma runs around the room looking for a match. Finally things settle down and they start asking us questions. He always answers with a great big smile, while I am getting just a little glum. He tells them what all his ribbons mean, this one's for this, that one's for that, and the other one he got at Anzio. Once or twice I try to break in, but he just keeps rolling, talking about his "men" and what a great bunch they are. Alice beams at him and asks what it was like. Under fire, she means.

"Oh," he says, taking a drag at Pa's cigar, "wasn't so bad. Except for the artillery."

"Yeah," I begin, "artillery—"

"Artillery fire," he continues, like I was just part of the acoustics, "it's like the finger of God. Like the finger of God," he says mysteriously, nods, and takes another drag of the cigar.

Alice looks at him like he's just said he loves her. I sit there feeling like a piece of ice that somebody left in the sun. Then Alice and Joe stand up and say good night, they are going out now, and Alice asks would I like to come along.

"No, thanks just the same." I go into the hall where the phone is and sit down a minute cooling off. Then I dial Gwen's number.

"Hello," I say, "guess who?"

"It must be Hank," she yawns. "Nobody else calls me at this hour."

I realize it is just a little late. "I'll come right over."

"No you don't," Gwen says. "I'm going to bed. I've got to work tomorrow."

"A fine thing. I come 3,000 miles and you go to work tomorrow."

"But Hank, you aren't going right away, are you? I'll see you tomorrow night."

I say something under my breath, but she catches part of it. "You haven't changed," she says, kind of cold. "Bye now."

"Hank," Ma calls from the kitchen. "You want a glass of milk, Hank?"

"Milk? Yeah. Yeah, that's exactly what I want, a glass of milk."

So I drink the milk, and then I go to bed.

France —S/Sgt. ARTHUR STERN

BARRACKS TWILIGHTS

Barracks twilights are lonely:
Faint blues and dimming reds of sunset
Up the long, straight avenues; yellow
Lights aglow in the gaunt windows.
Lonely we wander, men without women.
Tired of harsh, male voices,
Hearing adolescent curses, we, slovenly
In shapeless fatigue hats, or burnished
With brass buttons in new uniforms,
With no women to admire them.

Barracks twilights are lonely:
Wrenched from our lives, we
Wander in groups, boast in high tones,
Turning our memories of little home towns
Back in our brains. Barracks twilights
Are lonely; yet more lonely by far
The men not in barracks, cursed
With a greater loneliness, unseen.
Feeling the pull and clutch and pain
Of a war that has passed them by.

Philippines —Cpl. HARGIS WESTERFIELD

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BOARD OF REVIEW

Those 30,000 GIs still doing time under general court-martial sentences may breathe easier now, thanks to the WD's new clemency setup.

By Sgt. ALLAN B. ECKER
YANK Staff Writer

WASHINGTON—The major with the Silver Star and the Big Red One shook his head slowly. "That sentence is all wrong," he drawled. "Five years for AWOL for that man? Why, he should be out of the Army on a CDD. Just look at the record."

The record showed that the prisoner was an ex-rifleman who had landed in Normandy on D-plus-2, where a shell blew up almost in his face a week later. Evacuated to a hospital in England, he was treated with hypnotics and sedatives, then pronounced "cured" and transferred to a repple depple.

From the repple depple, the GI took off. Turning himself in to the MPs in an English town some weeks later, he said his mind had been a blank from the shell explosion until he'd "come to" that A.M. and realized he was AWOL.

There were no blots on the GI's civilian record. According to his former CO, he had been an excellent soldier. The Fort Leavenworth psychiatrist said the prisoner was suffering from "battle anxiety," producing bad dreams and headaches.

"No, sir," said the major, "they were off base on this one. That man should have his sentence remitted and should be considered for a CDD instead of a dishonorable discharge."

The major was sitting as a member of a three-man clemency board, one of several recently appointed by the Under Secretary of War. The major's colleagues were a California civilian expert on crimes and an officer of the Judge Advocate General's Department (JAG.) All three voted to recommend remission of the prisoner's sentence and consideration for a CDD.

"Next case," said the civilian, who was acting as chairman of the review board.

The next case involved a private in New Caledonia. Standing outside the tent of a top-kick who'd been put to bed drunk, the private had loudly observed that "the sonuvabitch should be dead." Out of the tent stepped a corporal and said: "Don't call him a sonuvabitch; he is a very good man." The private pulled out a kitchen knife and stabbed the corporal in the heart, killing him. According to the testimony, the quick-tempered private had never seen his victim before. A court martial had sentenced the murderer to life imprisonment. Now the review board ruled: "No clemency. Let the sentence stand."

These are samples of several thousand cases reviewed in Washington since VE-Day by the clemency boards. Their job is to consider the records of 34,260 soldiers serving out sentences directed by general courts martial.

At the end of World War I, general prisoners were released on a wholesale basis. This time, the War Department has determined to review cases individually, acting on each one according to the merits. That's the tough assignment handed to the new clemency-board setup.

Judge Robert Patterson, then Under Secretary of War and now Secretary, fathered this baby. Clemency for general prisoners in peace and wartime is the Under Secretary's responsibility, normally delegated to a JAG lieutenant colonel. By law, each case must be reviewed as soon as possible after a man is confined, and once a year after that.

But when VE- and VJ-Days neared, Mr. Patterson did a little fast mathematics. Once the war ended, he felt, every single case of the more than 30,000 on the books would deserve a new, prompt review. The Secretary knew the lone lieutenant colonel couldn't handle a load like that.

So on June 9, a short time after VE-Day, Mr. Patterson appointed a five-man Advisory Board on Clemency to start the wholesale review. Late in September, this "big board" was joined by several three-man groups known as "special" or "little" boards, so that processing could continue at an even faster rate. They expect to dispose of 20,000 to 30,000 cases in the next eight months.

Named as first chairman of the five-man board was Judge Sherman Minton of the U. S. Circuit Court of Appeals, a former U. S. Senator from Indiana. The vice-chairman, serving on a full-time basis, is Austin MacCormick, former N. Y. City Commissioner of Correction and one of the nation's leading penologists. The other three members are Army officers—a Fifth Army general, "to provide a combat soldier's approach" to the cases, and two JAG colonels, as experts on military law.

Each little board, similarly, is composed of one combat officer, one JAG officer and one civilian (usually a man with experience on a parole board or as a prison administrator). The civilian is chairman, so the military won't run the show.

The big board meets about once a week. It sets general policy for different types of offenses, handling precedent-making or complicated cases that require a lot of verbal or mental wrestling. The little boards meet every day, taking up the bulk of the cases (50 or 60 per board each session). Any time a little board handles an unusual case, the decision is passed up to the big board for leveling off with other related cases.

Serious offenses by military personnel range all the way from getting drunk in Oran and shooting an Arab to stealing from the Red Cross Club while on furlough in London; from raping a girl in Naples to holding up a lunch counter in Denver. Or offenses like knifing other GIs in Manila crap games, stealing Army rations and peddling them in the Paris black market, deserting their outfits on the Anzio beachhead and going AWOL eight months from Fort Devens, Mass.

But of the 10 million men who have belonged to the Army of the

To the GI who's in jail now as a general prisoner, the only famous case is his own.

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United States at some time or other since the Selective Service Act's passage, only about one in every 200 has been convicted by a general court martial. (A general court is the only one of the three kinds of military tribunals that can hand out a sentence of six months or more.) According to Secretary Patterson, this crime rate is "not surprising." It is, he told a recent press conference, a "mathematical certainty" that any group of 10 million young civilians would include criminals, and under wartime Army conditions these men face additional "stresses and hazards."

Fate and military justice have handled general prisoners in four different ways. The great majority — 34,260 men — are still in confinement. Some 16,500 have been restored to duty, with their sentences wiped off the books. Exactly 133 men have been executed (132 for murder or rape or both, the 133d for deserting twice under fire in the ETO.) Some have served out their sentences and are now civilians, but bear with them dishonorable discharges as a lifetime cross.

The clemency boards are concerned only with the 34,260 men in confinement. Of that number, on Aug. 31, more than 23,000 were held in rehabilitation centers, disciplinary barracks or federal penitentiaries in the States. The remaining 11,000 or so were confined in disciplinary training centers overseas.

For the few months a prisoner spends in a Stateside rahab center on in an overseas DTC, his case won't come up for review by a clemency board. That's because he's on probation. The CO of the center can restore him to duty whenever he thinks the prisoner deserves the break—usually within eight months.

But if a man muffs this chance, he'll be transferred to a disciplinary barracks or a federal penitentiary in the U. S. to serve out his sentence. When that happens, his case will be added to the docket of the clemency boards.

Because of the great number of prisoners and the fact that witnesses may have died or scattered to the four winds, the boards cannot try the cases all over again. Instead, they examine the record to see whether justice was done.

When a case is scheduled for review, it is first studied by a JAG officer who examines all papers concerning the military and legal aspects of the crime and makes his recommendations as to clemency. Then he turns over these records to a representative of the Correction Division of the Adjutant General's Office.

The correction man tries to make sure that all possible information has been rounded up about the prisoner as a personality—his education, job record, mental and physical condition, family background, addiction to alcohol or narcotics, and so on. Most of this dope, based largely on interviews by psychiatrists and investigators, was not available to the original court martial.

It is the correction man's job to present the case to the clemency board. Unlike a lawyer, he does not play up the good aspects of the case for his "client" or play down the bad. He is both prosecution and defense, giving a rounded picture of the prisoner and what makes him tick.

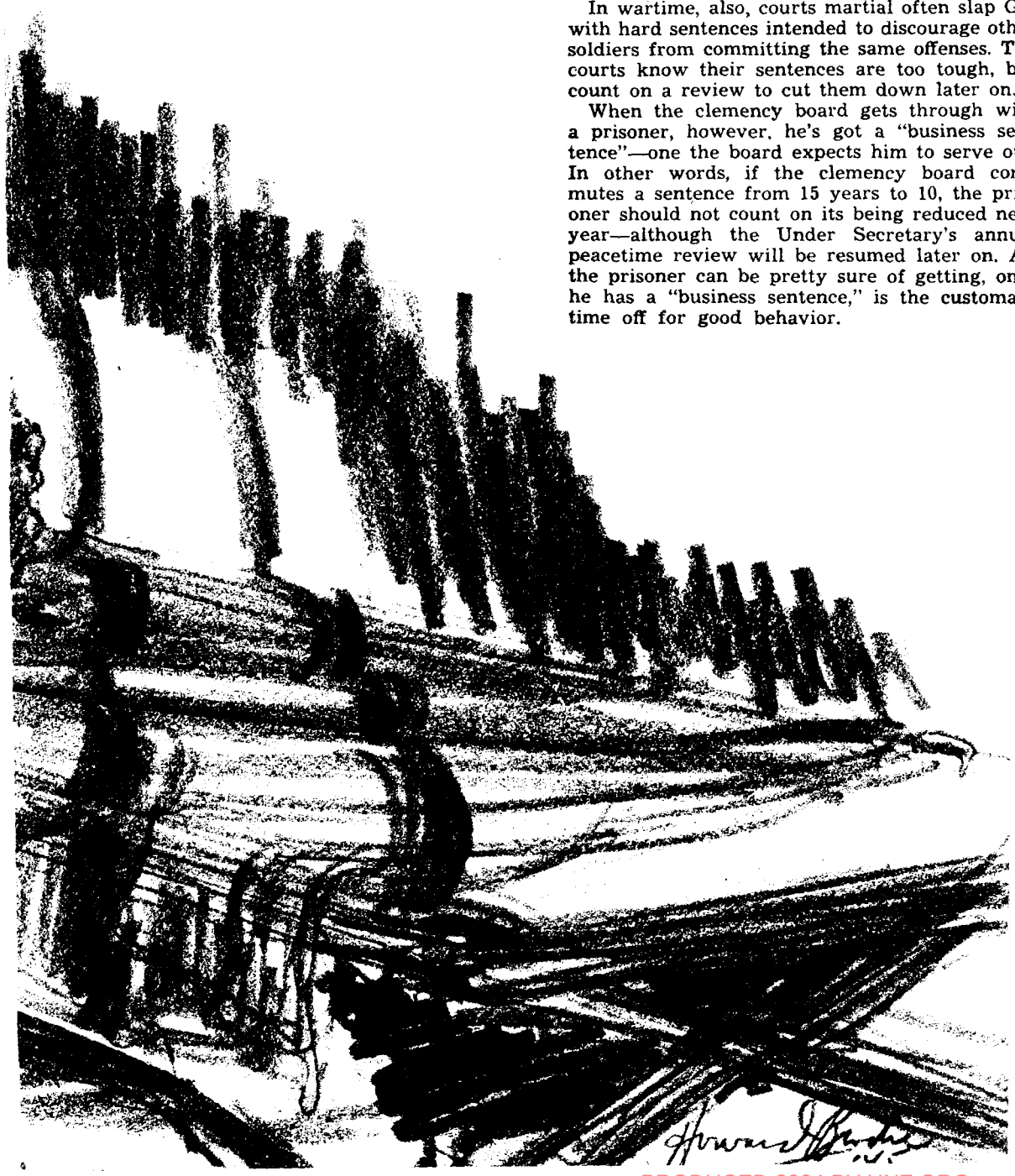
After telling everything he knows about the prisoner and his record as civilian and soldier, the crime and its punishment, and the man's conduct in confinement, the correction representative presents his own recommendations and those of the prison authorities to the reyiew board.

"Thinking out loud," the members of the review board then debate the merits of the case in an informal give-and-take until they decide whether clemency is deserved—and how much.

These boards are not simply reviewing cases to find innocent men who were wrongly convicted; they are checking over the sentences of guilty men, too, so these can be fairly adjusted. Under combat conditions, courts martial sometimes hand out punishments that don't seem to fit the crime, when reviewed more calmly in peacetime a year or so later. The punishment may be too stiff in itself, or by comparison with another ruling. If so, the clemency board will lop off ("remit") a portion of the sentence.

In wartime, also, courts martial often slap GIs with hard sentences intended to discourage other soldiers from committing the same offenses. The courts know their sentences are too tough, but count on a review to cut them down later on.

When the clemency board gets through with a prisoner, however, he's got a "business sentence"—one the board expects him to serve out. In other words, if the clemency board commutes a sentence from 15 years to 10, the prisoner should not count on its being reduced next year—although the Under Secretary's annual peacetime review will be resumed later on. All the prisoner can be pretty sure of getting, once he has a "business sentence," is the customary time off for good behavior.



Two men punished for what appears to be the same crime may receive very different sentences. An infantryman who went AWOL from a rifle company in North Africa when it was staging for the Sicily invasion will get a lot more time than a cook who took off from Chanute Field, Ill. And five hours AWOL is not usually as grievous a crime as five days—unless you happened to pick the five hours when your outfit was shipping out of a POE. Courts martial are supposed to weigh these differences in figuring up sentences, and the clemency board makes sure this kind of calculation took place.

Linking all the individual decisions of the clemency boards is one firm backbone of policy. Secretary Patterson put it this way: ". . . no soldier who commits a serious offense should be sent back to civilian life ahead of the steady soldier who does his duty."

When they figure out a sentence, the clemency boards keep one eye on the offense and the other on a certain target date by which they expect the great bulk of the armed forces will have been discharged. With some exceptions, GI prisoners whose sentences come up for clemency review will not be released from confinement before that time. That is because, as Secretary Patterson said, "The soldier who commits . . . an offense must pay the penalty. . . . His fellow soldiers are entitled to the assurance that no soldier can dodge the perils of battle without paying a heavy price."

THERE are, of course, exceptions to this target-date formula. One such case involved a soldier who went AWOL because, he said, he was worried about a sick wife. That is a fairly common excuse in AWOL cases, and the record indicated that his wife was not under medical care, so it was not surprising that the court didn't believe the soldier. Recently, however, when his case came up for review, investigation disclosed that the wife had died of heart disease since her husband's conviction, leaving a couple of motherless children. The board recommended remission of the soldier's sentence and a blue discharge instead of a DD.

Another, more common, exception to the rule is the type of soldier, usually from a rural community, whose only offense is that he is continually in an AWOL fog. Generally this kind of soldier is not quite sure which war this was—or why he's in prison. His record shows him to be of borderline intelligence, with no record as an alcoholic and with a stable family existence on a farm. Reasoning that this man represents no menace to society and is of more trouble than he's worth to the Army, the clemency boards are disposed to release him fairly soon. Psychiatrists say this type should never have been inducted.

(One chronic AWOL, however, didn't fare so well. A bright fellow with an AGCT score pegging him as OCS material, he had a ready explanation for his crime: "A voice within me commands, 'GO AWOL,' and I go." He'd "gone" 40 to 50 times, been tried by 14 courts. The review board, with scarcely a thought to the possibility that he might be a modern Joan of Arc or Bernadette of Lourdes, upheld his eight-year sentence for hearing voices.)

Public interest in the clemency boards will probably center on the celebrated cases that were splashed across the front pages during the war. Among them are these: Henry Weber, sentenced to death in California (later commuted to five years) for disobeying an order on the grounds he was a conscientious objector; the eight Japanese-Americans, sentenced to 15 years for disobedience after protesting against treatment as persons of suspect loyalty; the 39 ringleaders of the Paris black market, whose sentences ranged up to 50 years for stealing and selling rations and cigarettes from trains bound for the front; and Robert Merril, the Fort Belvoir (Va.) private who received 10 years (later cut to three) for being AWOL from his outfit 430 days, even though he lived in the movie theater, ate at the PX, and never left the post.

But to the GI who's in jail now as a general prisoner, the only famous case is his own. If you are one of those men, it may cheer you to know that your case will come up for review within the next eight months, even though you don't know about it, and may be acted upon today. Chances are, if you had the book thrown at you by your court martial and have the right kind of record before and since, you'll get your sentence reduced.

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YANK
THE ARMY WEEKLY

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This Week's Cover

VISITING a frontier post of the famous Egyptian Camel Corps near Gabil Asfour, Sgt. John Epperly of Roanoke, Va., tried his hand—and seat—at riding this white-haired thoroughbred. His temporary swap with a Sudanese GI, who wanted to get acquainted with a jeep, apparently pleased everyone except the camel.

PHOTO CREDITS. Cover—Sgts. Robert Dunn and Arthur Benjamin. 2, 3 & 4—Mason Pawlak CPhoM, USNR. 6—Pfc. Stan Faibisy. 10—INP. 11—Sgt. Frank Brandt. 12—Top, Sgt. George Aarons; bottom, Sgt. Dick Hanley. 13—Top, Sgt. John Frano; bottom, Sgt. Aarons. 20—Paramount Pictures. 23—Pvt. Harry Wignall

Mail Call

Displaced Persons

Dear YANK:

Much harm has been done by the confusion persisting in the policy of handling displaced persons. The present policy of treating all DPs alike is very unjust. It is coddling our enemies and hurting our friends. The present policy is hard on those who have been Hitler's victims and favors those who have been Hitler's fellow travelers. It should be realized by those responsible for handling DPs that they should be classified into different categories and dealt with accordingly. The following categories appear practical:

1) Racial and political persecutees. They should be provided with all the comforts of life, from decent housing to cigarettes, and a full chance to start a new life. Individual desires should be considered as far as possible. What these victims of Nazism need for their rehabilitation is less righteous indignation and more outright assistance.

2) Persons brought to Germany against their will to perform forced labor. These people should continue to enjoy the privileges enjoyed by DPs generally (two thousand calories daily, and quarters in UNRRA-operated DP centers). In fairness, the same treatment should be afforded to slave labor of all nations. But non-Germans who have come to Germany of their own free will should not share those privileges but should fall under any of the following categories.

3) Persons who have come to Germany of their own free will. They have come either to share in Germany's war boom or to seek asylum, and they should not enjoy advantages over German refugees.

4) Non-Germans who have served as *Wehrmacht* auxiliaries. They are not entitled to any more consideration than their former German equivalents.

5) Members of non-German formations of the *SS* level (like the Croatian *Ustachi*, the French militia, the Baltic *SS*, the Ukrainian *SS*, etc.). Men in this category should do penance alongside the German *SS*. Too many of them are now hiding out in DP centers.

This is going to be a hard winter fraught with privations for the luckless throughout Europe. No one should freeze or starve, but if any freezing or starving has to be done just because there is not enough to go around, it should be done by those who have been a party to inflicting suffering deliberately and methodically upon others, and no more suffering should have to be endured by their former victims.

Let's dispense with some over-simplifying formulas, and let's try to be fair instead.

Germany —T-5 WALTER B. SIMON

Simple Solution

Dear YANK:

Anyone with an elementary knowledge of Army organization knows that rank is dependent upon a required number of men serving under a particular command. These tables of organization are inflexible and are devoutly observed. Obviously enough, with a large deduction in Army strength, there would no longer be any justification for a large number of general and field officers to retain their present rank. Their disposition, therefore, as professional Army men, is to keep the Army at a swollen size in order that those wearing the stars and eagles will not suffer the loss of their temporary wartime rank.

A high-ranking officer is human and therefore naturally reluctant to sacrifice the rank and authority, the staff and the automobiles, the exclusive atmosphere of the club and all the other perquisites of position. To permit these chosen ones to retain all this, the country may be forced to bear the back-breaking expense of supporting a military establishment which has no justification in need.

A simple solution would be to have the President and Congress confirm the temporary rank of these men. The added expense to the American people, great as it might be, would be negligible compared with the burden of maintaining millions of unneeded enlisted men in addition to these officers for an indefinite period.

A plan such as this might encourage some of the old regulars to retire, if they knew they could do so without the loss of their existing rank and prestige.

Boca Raton AAF, Fla. —Cpl. H. A. BARDEN

Road To War

Dear YANK:

"I say now that were I a Korean, I should sooner be under Japanese domination than Russian. Korea, free from Japan, should be liberated . . . Certainly the Bulgarization of Korea is not a suitable conclusion to this war." The above statements were made by a columnist in my home town's leading newspaper a few weeks ago.

What in hell is going on in our press back home, anyway? For the past six months I have observed more than a sprinkling of articles and editorials making stabs at Russia in the same vicious tone. Two of our leading digest magazines and certain New York and Chicago newspapers, among other publications, seem bent upon smashing any respect for the Soviet Union that may have increased in Americans during the war years. The attacks are variously subtle and bold but taken together they form too clear and cohesive a pattern.

It smells like a co-ordinated campaign to smear Russia. Here are some of the tricks being used by editors and columnists: magnifying unfortunate incidents out of all proportion, lining up Stalin on a plane with Hitler and Hirohito, ignoring Russia's part in Germany's defeat, ridiculing the Russian people and her fighting men, twisting and deleting facts in carefully planned articles—anything to create mistrust of Stalin and the Russians.

Could it be that a combine of powerful moneyed groups is engineering this gigantic snow-job right in our own front yard? Are they secretly thinking that the world is too small for both the United States and Russia? And are they insane enough not to realize that this time, with the atomic bomb and other late refinements, a possible war with Russia brought on by their campaign of taunting and sniping could quite conceivably wipe out even them and their families?

Good God, haven't we all had enough of deceit and trickery? Let's hope that the American public, guided by its honest instincts, realizes when it is being hoaxed.

Philippines —Cpl. GRIFFIN A. ATKINSON

GI-Bill Loans

Dear YANK:

I am an honorably discharged veteran and I have been a rancher in the livestock business for the last 25 years. Before entering the Army I had 640 acres of land. When I got out of service I had to buy all of my machinery and livestock, such as hogs, cattle, sheep, chickens. I immediately thought of the GI Bill of Rights (I didn't have much money to start with) and asked for $4,000. After about six months I received word that I could not get the loan because I did not have enough security. This is just an example of how the GI Bill works and of the local banking system and appraisal methods.

In most cases that I have seen, the appraiser is in the wrong and is working for his fee instead of for the veterans.

There are hundreds of ranchers in this part of the country that are old men and can't operate their ranches much longer. It's up to the younger men coming back from the war to take them over, and they can't do it under the GI Bill setup. You can't buy a ranch of any size for $4,000 or $8,000. A good ranch should have six to 10 sections of land on which to run cattle and sheep. That much land will cost $10,000 or $20,000. The GI Bill doesn't say anything about loans of that size. I do believe the GI Bill should provide for larger loans.

Despite the fact that they wouldn't okay my GI-Bill loan, I did get going with the help of a friend who lent me the money. Today I have $3,000 and I don't owe him a red cent. I have 125 hogs, 25 head of cattle, 75 turkeys, some sheep, 260 tons of hay and 2,000 bushels of grain. Hay is now worth $20 a ton, hogs $45 a head, turkeys $8 each and cows $80 to $100 a head. I consider that a very good start in a year and a half.

You can see what a veteran can do if he has help in getting started. Yet under the GI Bill the appraiser said it could not be done. The GI Bill should be amended so a man without a dime can buy a ranch for $20,000 and have 40 years to pay it back at 3 percent interest.

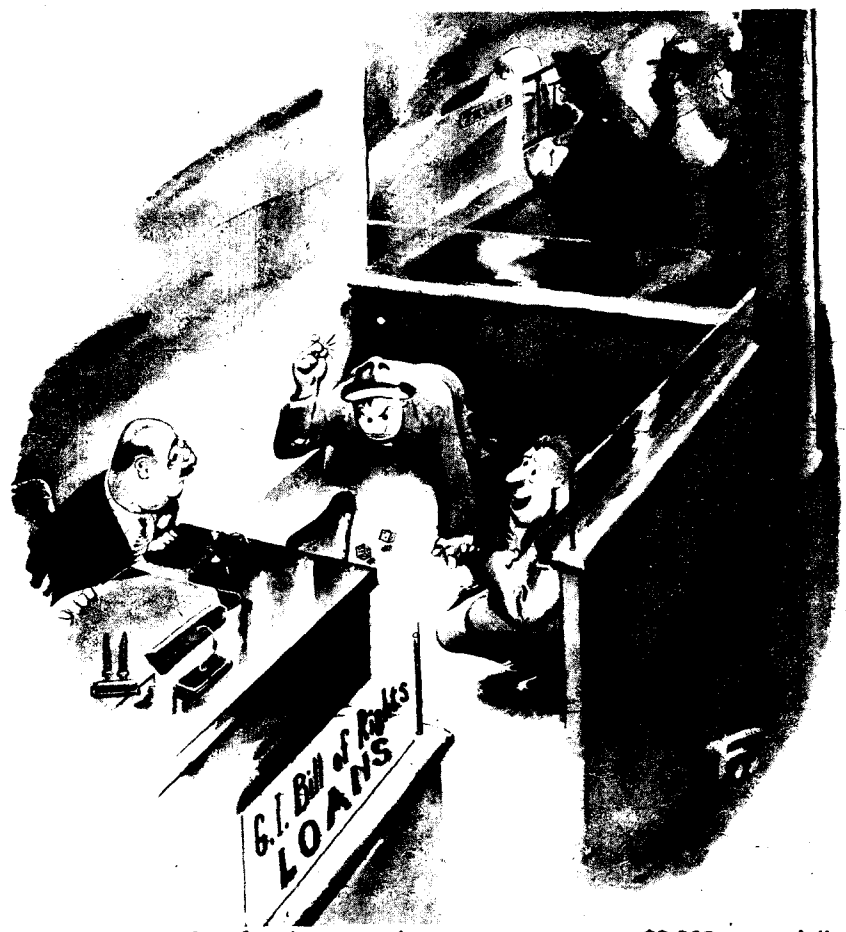
—Ex-Cpl. ELMER H. CONLOGUE
Douglas, Wyo.

International Good Will

Dear YANK:

Let there be an International Veterans' Organization as Captain M. Monroe advocated recently in "Mail Call." The need for a world veterans' organization ranks second only to the need for an efficient organization of United Nations. But let us include more than only Joe, Tommy and Ivan. Pierre, Jose, Wong, Olaf and Ahmed are also important.

Here is suggested a three-point plan which might be adopted by such an organization in the fulfillment of its initial



"Six months after incorporating we expect to net $2,000 a week."
—Sgt. Tom Flannery

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purpose, that of preventing future wars:

1) Selection of qualified veterans to represent the organization as such in United Nations conferences. What could be a more sobering influence on conferences of the United Nations than the presence of war-weary, war-scarred and war-wise ex-soldiers?

2) Government-sponsored and I.V.O.-backed training of qualified veterans in international diplomacy. The interdependency of nations is keenly realized by those who have seen first-hand the results of the lack of international cooperation in the settlement of differences.

3) A system of international student-exchange by colleges and universities throughout the world. These students are the teachers and leaders of the future. Let the governments of the world assume direct responsibility for a broad, progressive educational program. Thousands of these world students, working and studying freely in all the great schools of the world, would make a sizable and energetic group of ambassadors of understanding between the nations.

It is emphasized that this is not a program to secure individual privileges and benefits for war veterans. Organizations are already established for those purposes.

Veterans should be organized on a world basis for the sole purpose of furthering international good will and understanding. The efficacy of such a plan would derive from the mutual experience of all the veterans of the United Nations who fought to a successful conclusion of World War II.

We want no World War III.

Luzon —T-4 CHARLES G. BOGGS*

*Also signed by T-4 Alexander W. Kennedy.

Bottleneck

Dear YANK:

We in the Army believe that a separation center is a clever device created by the War Department to make sure that the rate of discharges does not exceed the rate of inductions. It is a convenient bottleneck to slow down discharges.

The place for men to be discharged is in the orderly room of their respective organizations. It takes seven papers and a physical examination to get a man out of the Army under the procedure now used. Each military installation has a hospital, well-staffed with medical officers, and each organization (company, battery, squadron) has an orderly room with plenty of trained clerks and plenty of typewriters.

Each organization could easily dispose of the paper work for the men eligible for discharge and millions of dollars would be saved each month in transportation, eliminating the shunting of hundreds of thousands of soldiers each month from one camp to another.

However, this is far too simple a solution for the War Department, and would actually result in men getting out of the Army in large numbers, thus reducing the amount of brass drawing good salaries with a minimum of work, so they'll never adopt this plan and men will be kept away from home, careers, education and other pursuits of life while the Army conveniently clogs up the separation centers.

Rockland, Maine —(Name Withheld)

Good Impression

Dear YANK:

It is unfortunate that a small minority of ignorant and ill-mannered GIs have come to represent the American soldier in the eyes of the rest of the world. One might stretch a point and say that even this is a healthy sign, indicating a high degree of democracy and individual liberty. I say, horseshoes! Actions we see here in France every day would not be tolerated one minute in the land of the free. Either someone else would exercise their own freedom of action and punch the offenders in the nose, or our collective conscience in uniform (blue) would put them in jail. How is it then that our morons run wild abroad?

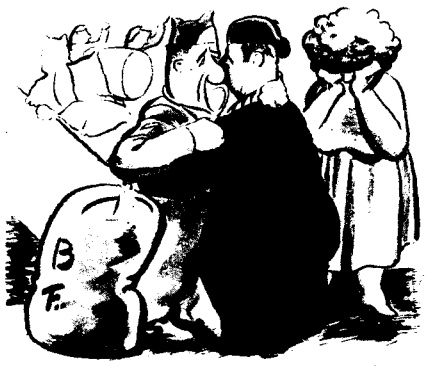
Believe me, there are occasions when the decent Americans among us would like to take things into our own hands, to curb the actions of those who disgrace our uniform before foreigners. There is little assurance that authority would back us up and a legitimate fear that all alike would land in the guard house. Then, too, since most officers are little loath to enforce respect for the uniform through a show of military courtesy, we feel that it is their responsibility. Also, we *could* be mistaken about what constitutes misconduct, having no certificate to show that we are gentlemen.

You, the low-point GI facing from two to eight months more in France, should by all means get out and meet the French people and learn their language. You will be surprised at how willing most of them are to put up with your worst French, and how accommodating they are. Sure, I know, up until now you have sat back and said to hell with 'em, and the only ones you have said two words to are the black-market operators, cognac dealers and prostitutes. Maybe you led a sheltered life at home, but you can take it for a fact that we have people just as bad in America.

Contact the instructor of English in the nearest town that has college or high-school courses in English. Ask him if he can introduce you to one or more students who would like to help form a Franco-American club. Get two or three buddies who are interested, and organize such a club. You don't have to become a language "Professor"—one such club I know of has some of its "classes" on the dance floor.

Four out of five GIs (at least) do not feel they are shining knights who have freed the world of a wicked dragon, and now merit the adulation and servitude of the world. Nor do we expect France's maidens to offer us themselves in payment. We are sorry that some among us have given that impression. We are war-weary and lonely, and home-sick, and want the friendship that these jerks have deprived us of. And even though we are going home next month, we would like to leave Europe as friends of those who fought by our side.

France —T-5 JOHN L. VAUGHN



30-Year Bait

Dear YANK:

Apropos of all this talk about inducements for enlistment in the peacetime Army, I think I have a lulu. It was stolen from the *Wehrmacht*, but I think it's good just the same.

How about freeing the enlisted man from such menial tasks as latrine orderly, kitchen cop and all the other details that he usually falls heir to? As a substitute we can have PWs or civilians who would be paid enough to make the position attractive, this being the substitute for the German *Todt* organization. After all, some men were accustomed to better in civilian life and don't care to reduce themselves to this level voluntarily. A soldier should be a proud individual but he can't be very proud if he is on KP one day and in the field the next and he certainly doesn't look very military policing the area. If a man volunteers for the Army, he wants to be a soldier, not a part-time laborer.

Germany —Pfc. HERMAN BROTHMAN

Will Wait Her Turn

Dear YANK:

Just a few comments on the letter written by Cpl. Dorothy Marcus in which she called for the discharge of all Wacs.

Many of the Wacs agree with her that we are proud to be a part of the Women's Army Corps. We are also proud of the boys who fought the war. We are not trying to be exceptions and we will wait our turn, but it seems that Cpl. Marcus is trying to get in the front of the line. She or any other Wac should be only too glad to wait until the fellows who fought the war and also the ones who have families can get home. She must remember that we Wacs volunteered for this job for the duration plus six months. Some of us raised our hand the second time. The corporal seems to be speaking for the Wacs overseas. I haven't heard any of them whine about getting out. The ones that I write to are willing to stay in as long as they are needed.

I can see nothing so shockingly unfair about the point system. As for longevity pay under the WAC, it wouldn't be a great loss to any of us if we didn't get it. As for myself I would be glad to see the boys who have been wounded in combat, or the families of the men who have been killed in action, get my part of the pay if it could be arranged that way.

Speaking of medals, I can see no reason why Wacs in the U. S. should get [illegible] Medals are [illegible] fought the war. They are the great guys. Why should a Wac get any consideration for a dependent under 18? She wasn't drafted into the Army and let her not forget that. If she were drafted, and forced to leave her dependent under 18, that would be an entirely different story.

The Army hasn't gypped the Wac out of anything and I don't think we will get gypped in redeployment.

A Wac that tries to crowd in at the front of the line, whether it be the chow line or the line leading to civilian life, is greedy and shows very poor sportsmanship. Since she volunteered she should be willing to remain as long as the Army wants her. Most of us don't want to be quitters. We are willing to wait our turn.

Texas —(Wac's Name Withheld)

Anti-Labor Papers

Dear YANK:

After three years overseas I have just returned to the U. S. As we walked up Broadway, some of the guys grinned happily and said, "Boy, it's still the same old U. S. A.!"

Yet on the same day we returned, the papers were filled with headlines about the striking dock workers and the beating the pickets got at Warner Brothers' in Hollywood. Reading the papers, I saw the same old anti-labor angle. It was as if I was reading a paper printed in 1942. The dock strikers were called everything from Reds to rats and it was implied that they were doing their best to hinder the troops coming home, etc., etc. Not a word was said about the owners being at fault, nor was there any clear picture of the strikers' demands, or what the strike was about.

In the Army we had men who were dock workers before Uncle Sam called them, and I know they are as decent and honest as the next guy. My whole point is that it's the same old U. S. A.—the newspapers haven't changed a bit.

Sure, I'm glad America is the same fine beautiful country we left and we want to keep it that way. But being overseas has certainly matured a lot of us, and it's about time the papers got wise and realized we fought a war for democracy, not for red herrings. Labor has a right to have its say, as has business.

Overseas we were treated as men, and we certainly don't go for this childish drivel the papers are handing out. It's the same old U. S. A., but parts of it—the papers—ought to wake up and catch up with the times.

Camp Dix, N. Y. —Sgt. HAROLD E. WALKER

Busy Man

Dear YANK:

The North African Division has a policy under which a soldier is declared surplus when he has 15 months' overseas service. Only then can he go home on rotation. I cannot go home even though I have over 18 months overseas. Why? Because I am essential.

From 0800 till 1100 hours I sit and do nothing. From 1100 till 1230 I go to lunch. From 1230 till 1630 I do the same as I did in the morning. Nothing. That goes on six days a week except for two hours, at which time I'm busy reading your publication, *Stars and Stripes* and *Time*. I see no chance of ever becoming non-essential if that is what one does when he is declared essential.

Egypt —(Name Withheld)

Lack of Leadership

Dear YANK:

We are a shipment that just missed being scratched from overseas shipment all along the line. At Kearns, Utah, we missed the 45-point order, at Vancouver Barracks we missed the 36-point order, and now I hear they're scratching them with 25 points.

We sailed from Portland, Ore., about the 17th of September. Our ship broke down at sea and after some discussion between our CO and the skipper we headed for Pearl Harbor instead of San Francisco, which was nearer at the time.

We arrived at Pearl Harbor and were placed in the 13th Replacement Depot for rations and quarters. This post is Infantry and not Air Corps as is our shipment. Everything was fine until within 24 hours our fellows found themselves taking basic Infantry training. Over 75 percent of our fellows are men with over three years service in the Air Forces. In the past two weeks we have listened to all kinds of Infantry lectures, some telling the same things twice. One lecture was nearly the same word for word.

We have poor living conditions, never any hot water for a shower or shave here at Helemano, a sub-post of the 13th R.D., where we are now. They are now putting us through all sorts of small-arms lectures and practices.

One of the worse gripes is that we have had very little mail. One section of the shipment has got practically no mail since we've been here. We could go on and on with other gripes but this is what we want to know. To whom can we appeal for help? There's not an officer here who gives a damn about us. They are never around to make things easier or to help us. We ask if they'll do something about our mail and they answer us with a sneer that we'll get it when we get to Tinian, where we're supposed to go. The only thing our CO will say is, "I think you men will enjoy this Infantry training." All this because our major hasn't got guts enough to go to an air-inspector or get things straightened out himself. If we ever saw our officers we'd feel different. But with the exception of the second lieutenants and an occasional first lieutenant, we don't see them. This shows lack of leadership and interest.

Hawaii —(Name Withheld)

College Housing

Dear YANK:

I have encountered numerous men who are either seriously contemplating completing their college or university careers, or are considering embarking upon one. A vast majority of these men (myself included) have found that their family status has changed since entering the armed forces. Most have acquired spouses. Many have children. Most of us are familiar with the GI Bill's section pertaining to schooling. We realize that the tuition fee allowed is sufficient to cover almost any school we desire to attend. Another factor which we appreciate is the monthly living allowance of $50 for single men and $75 for men with dependents. But, YANK, that is not our problem. Our problem now is housing.

I have one suggestion to make on this point. Most of the colleges and universities of this country are within a short distance of various Army installations throughout the country. Many of these camps will soon be dismantled. Would it be too complicated to have the many prefabricated units moved to selected sites where they could once more be rebuilt into family units? As a last resort perhaps the many Government-owned trailer camps could be relocated. If adequate facilities were installed I believe the majority of us would be willing to live in a trailer for the duration of our college careers.

Gore Field, Mont. —Cpl. R. A. SCHOPF

Civilian Clothes

Dear YANK:

Now that the war is over and we are biding our time until our discharges become a reality, why can't the Army permit us to wear civilian clothes on our off-duty hours?

We think it's terrible to give our civilian friends and acquaintances the impression that the Wacs are drab, unglamorous characters.

After all, we are females with all the good and bad points our civilian friends have, and we want a chance to show them. It would boost our morale and also help us to accustom ourselves to the civilian life which is inevitable.

Washington, D. C. —Sgt. THERESA MORETTI*

*Also signed by 5 others.

Anti-Bonus

Dear YANK:

Hail to the era of the Glorified Bum! Isn't it about time that the American people, including the soldier, start putting forth a little initiative towards earning a livelihood instead of the present practice of coming to the Government with their hands out? You hear a hell of a lot of discussion on the subject of a bonus for the soldiers. What the hell good did it do the veterans of the last war when they received their bonus? Not one damn bit of good did it do. It only increased the national debt and made a few glorified bums for a while. The same will happen again.

It seems to me that the American people have the idea that the Government can give them prosperity. Don't they know that the American treasury is supported by taxes only? The great and mighty war workers are doing just as big a job of begging as the soldier. In fact, I think they are even more greedy. The sooner the American people realize that they are the Government and that they will have to pay back every last penny spent upon their welfare, I think there will be less howling for benefits to all.

Bartow, Fla. —Cpl. ROBERT HANCOCK

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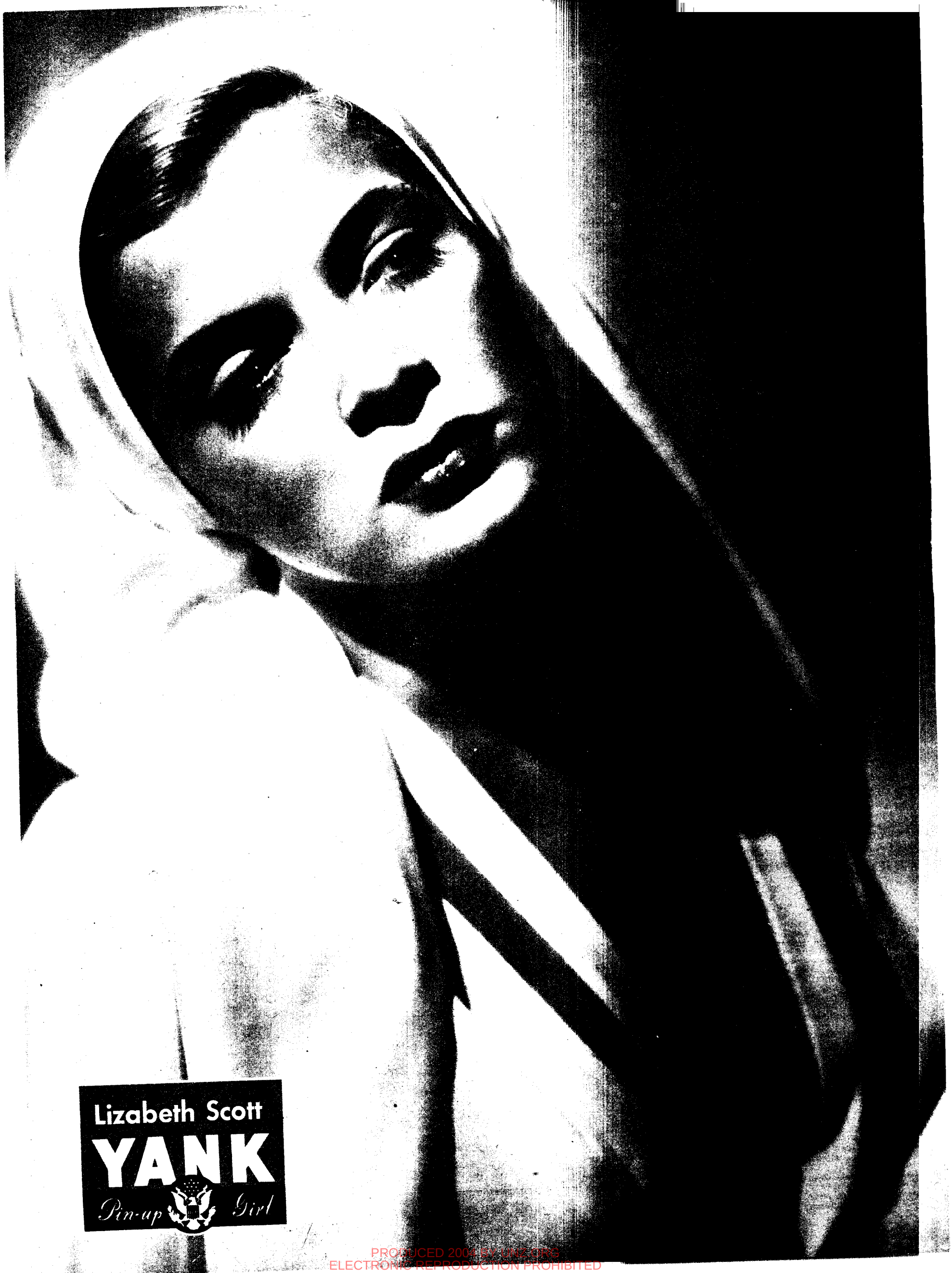

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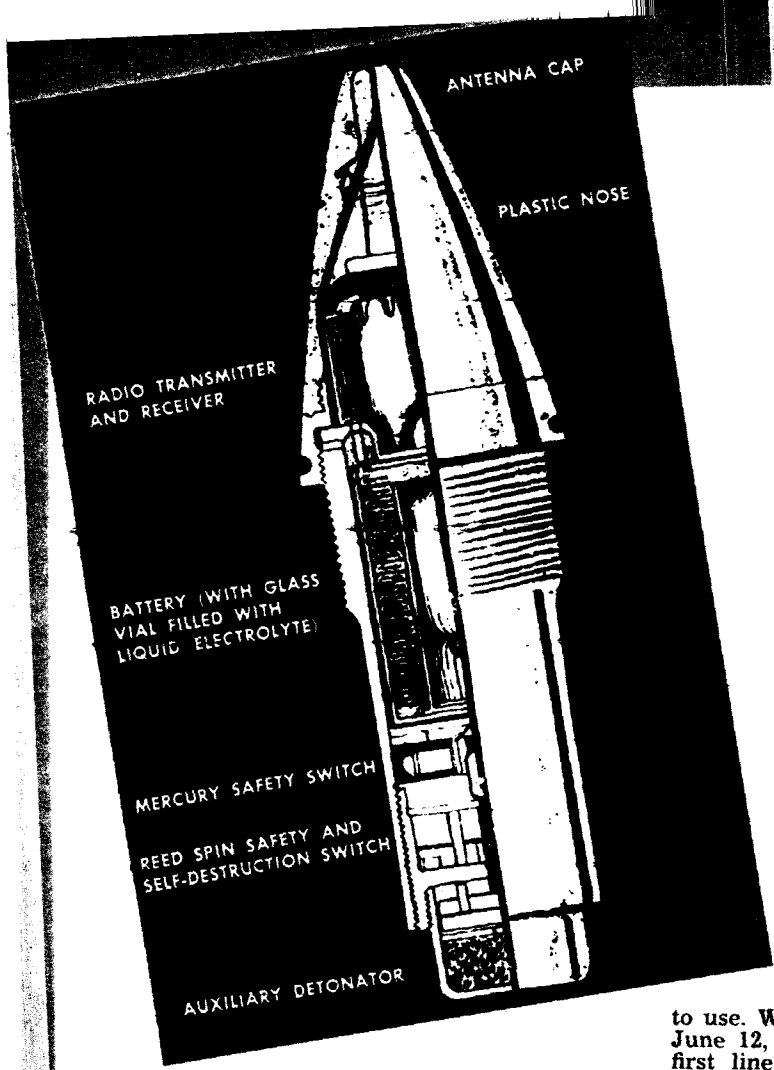
VT Radio Fuse



By DONALD NUGENT Sp(X)3c
YANK Navy Editor

EARLY in the war it became apparent that surface ships of the fleet were going to get the tar knocked out of them by air attack unless some new and better defensive weapon could be cooked up. The fate of the *Arizona* and other battlewagons at Pearl Harbor, and of the British *Prince of Wales* and *Repulse*, sunk by Jap planes off Singapore, seemed like a fair sample of the destruction in store for the rest of our own and Allied warships.

Existing antiaircraft weapons were good, but they were not good enough. For close-in defense, the Navy had 40-mm and 20-mm guns, but long-range defense depended on the 5-inch gun. This fired shells equipped with two types of fuses. The contact fuse exploded only on a direct hit—a good trick if you can do it—but Jap planes were damned elusive targets. The time fuse also had a basic drawback: You had to calculate distance from gun to target every time you fired, and a slight error in the fuse setting, or an unexpected maneuver of the plane, meant your shell would explode harmlessly in mid-air, too far from the target to cause any damage.

What was needed was a fuse that would automatically explode a shell as soon as it came close enough to the target to inflict damage. That meant an electronic device, small enough to fit into a shell and rugged enough to stand the terrific shock of propulsion from a gun. At the Navy's request, the Office of Scientific Research and Development had begun research on this project as early as August 1940. It was a tough job, conducted in the same absolute secrecy that characterized the atomic-bomb program.

On Jan. 5, 1943, the cruiser *Helena* knocked down a Jap plane. The crew of that aircraft never knew what hit them—but what hit them was a VT-fused projectile, the Navy's (and OSRD's) answer to the aircraft menace.

A VT ("variable time") fuse is a pint-sized, five-tubed radio, installed in the nose of a shell and capable of both sending and receiving. The radio device causes the projectile to explode if it passes anywhere within 70 feet of the target (or in other words, an area of 3,000 square feet). That means the gunner's target is enlarged 50 times and his average effectiveness increased 300 percent.

For a long time the Joint Chiefs of Staff restricted the use of the new fuse to ships firing over water, so that duds would not fall into enemy hands. The Navy would not allow VT to be used even over Pacific islands. The only indication that the Axis could have had about something new being added was the unprecedented accuracy of American gunfire at sea.

But late in 1943 Allied intelligence reports revealed that the Germans were preparing to launch robot bombs against England. By January 1944, VT fuses were being tested against mockups of the buzz bombs the Krauts were expected to use. When the V-1s were finally launched on June 12, 1944, Allied fighter planes formed the first line of defense, but VT-fused antiaircraft weapons were used when weather hampered the planes. Soon it was realized that the gunners could do better without interference from the fighters. Then all antiaircraft weapons were moved to the Channel coast, where fields of fire lay over ocean areas and bursts would not be dangerous to civilians. The result was a sensational increase in kills: from 24 percent (in the eighth week of the 80-day V-1 attack) to 79 percent (in the eleventh week). Out of 88 V-1s appearing over the English coast on the last big day of the buzz-bomb offensive, 68 were downed by VT-fused antiaircraft.

After D-Day, VT was used to protect the two artificial harbors set up off the Normandy beaches, as well as in the defense of the harbors at Cherbourg and, later on, Antwerp, which the Germans made determined efforts to destroy. But it was not until the Battle of the Bulge, in December 1944, that VT was used in land warfare—two months ahead of schedule. VT-fused shells exploded day and night, 10 to 60 feet in the air over German positions, spraying fragments over large areas and cutting down the protection of foxholes, bunkers and terrain. Kraut PWs described this new kind of fire as the most demoralizing and destructive they had ever faced. Gen. Patton called it "devastating," and the WD described the new fuse as "the most important innovation in artillery ammunition since the introduction of high-explosive shells" and "second in importance only to the atomic bomb."

The final VT victory came in the last months of the Pacific war, when the Navy used the fuse against the *kamikazes* with decisive effect. In the siege of Okinawa, the destroyers *Hadley* and *Evans* were attacked by 156 planes within an hour and a half. The *Hadley* knocked down 12 and the *Evans* accounted for 23, mostly with VT-fused 5-inch fire. Only one Jap plane taken on by the 5-inch gunners of the *Hadley* escaped undamaged. (One VT "hit" was usually enough to destroy a Jap plane, but German aircraft, more heavily armored, took two or three.)

Some of our fighter planes were also equipped with rockets fused by the VT principle. Carrying six rockets apiece, these fighters averaged one enemy plane downed for every two rockets fired within a range of 1,000 yards.

HERE'S how the VT works: The shock of fire breaks a small glass vial, filled a liquid electrolyte, near the base of the fuse. Centrifugal force in the rotating projectile causes the liquid to flow toward the outside of a cylindrical cell, through a stack of thin, ring-shaped plates insulated from each other. Contact between the electrolyte and the plates instantly makes it an active wet battery, charging a firing condenser with electricity.

This electricity activates a radio vacuum tube, which sends out a continuous radio frequency signal at the speed of 186,000 miles per second. This signal will be reflected back by any target that gives a radio reflection, such as airplanes, ships or other metal objects, water or earth.

The reflected signal, received by an oscillator, interacts with the outgoing signal to create a "ripple pulse." When the projectile approaches within 70 feet of a reflecting object, the ripple pulse (amplified by audio tubes) becomes powerful enough to trigger a thyratron tube. This sets off a chain of reactions, all accomplished in a fraction of a second: Energy stored in the charged condenser is released, an electrical detonator exploded, an auxiliary ("booster") explosive charge set off, and finally the explosive filling in the projectile detonated.

Since the shell is designed to explode on making radio contact with its target, what prevents it from bursting in the muzzle itself as a result of the nearness of the gun or the ship or earth from which it was fired? The inventors took care of this danger by designing two safety switches, described below, which are not entirely released until the projectile has traveled about 400 yards at the approximate rate of 2,600 feet per second. Only then is the projectile ready to detonate.

The first of the safety devices is a flexible metal reed switch, placed in the circuit so as to keep the firing condenser discharged when the projectile is at rest. Upon firing, centrifugal force opens the switch and permits the firing condenser to charge.

The second safety device is a mercury unshorter switch, composed of two chambers: an inner one filled with mercury, which maintains an electrical short between firing condenser and case, and an outer chamber, empty prior to the shell's spinning. A porous diaphragm separates the two chambers. When the projectile starts spinning as it is fired, mercury seeps through the diaphragm into the outer chamber. This removes the short circuit and arms the projectile.

If the projectile misses its target, the reed spin switch gradually closes as the projectile's spin decreases; then, with the mercury in the outer chamber, it establishes the circuit that explodes the shell, thus preventing the projectiles from falling intact into enemy hands.

CAIRO had nothing like this, and more's the pity. The lady in the Middle Eastern whatizzit is Lizabeth Scott, who's really a 23-year-old native of Scranton, Pa. Lizabeth's blonde hair, hazel eyes, 5 feet 7 and 120 lbs. have graced magazine ads, little theaters, movie sets—and for one night (as an understudy)—a Broadway stage. Her next Hal Wallis production for Paramount is "Love Lies Bleeding."

NAVY NOTES

Getting Out. New reductions in Navy and Marine Corps point scores have been announced:

	NOV. 1	DEC. 1	JAN. 1
Navy EM	41	39	38
Navy officers	46	44	43
Enlisted Waves	26	24	23
Wave officers	32	30	29
Doctors	53	53	51
Nurses	35	35	33
Pilots (ensigns)	20	20	20
Pilots (jgs and higher)	39	34	30
Marine men	50	50*	50*
Marine women	20	20*	20*

*Further changes may be announced.

Requirements for Marine officers and enlisted personnel are identical. Totals are computed as of Sept. 1, unlike Navy totals, which are recomputed each month.

Exceptions to the point formula for discharge from the Navy include the following:

Men with three or more children will be released regardless of points. Married Waves will be released after one year of service. Waves married to disabled servicemen or disabled members of the merchant marine will be discharged regardless of points or length of service. Married nurses will have been released by Nov. 1. Yeomen and storekeepers are not eligible for the Nov. 1 reductions. Specialists (C) and Mailmen, frozen until now, are eligible for release as of Nov. 1, if they have 44 points (men) or 29 points (women). Still frozen: physical and occupational therapists; SK(D); Sp(S); Sp(I); and Sp(X), key punch operators and transportation. Conscientious objectors will be released immediately if more than 38 years of age, and by Jan. 1 if more than 35. PWs and others confined for at least 60 days in enemy territory (like Chief Tweed, who roamed around Guam during the Jap occupation but was never really a prisoner) will be discharged regardless of points.

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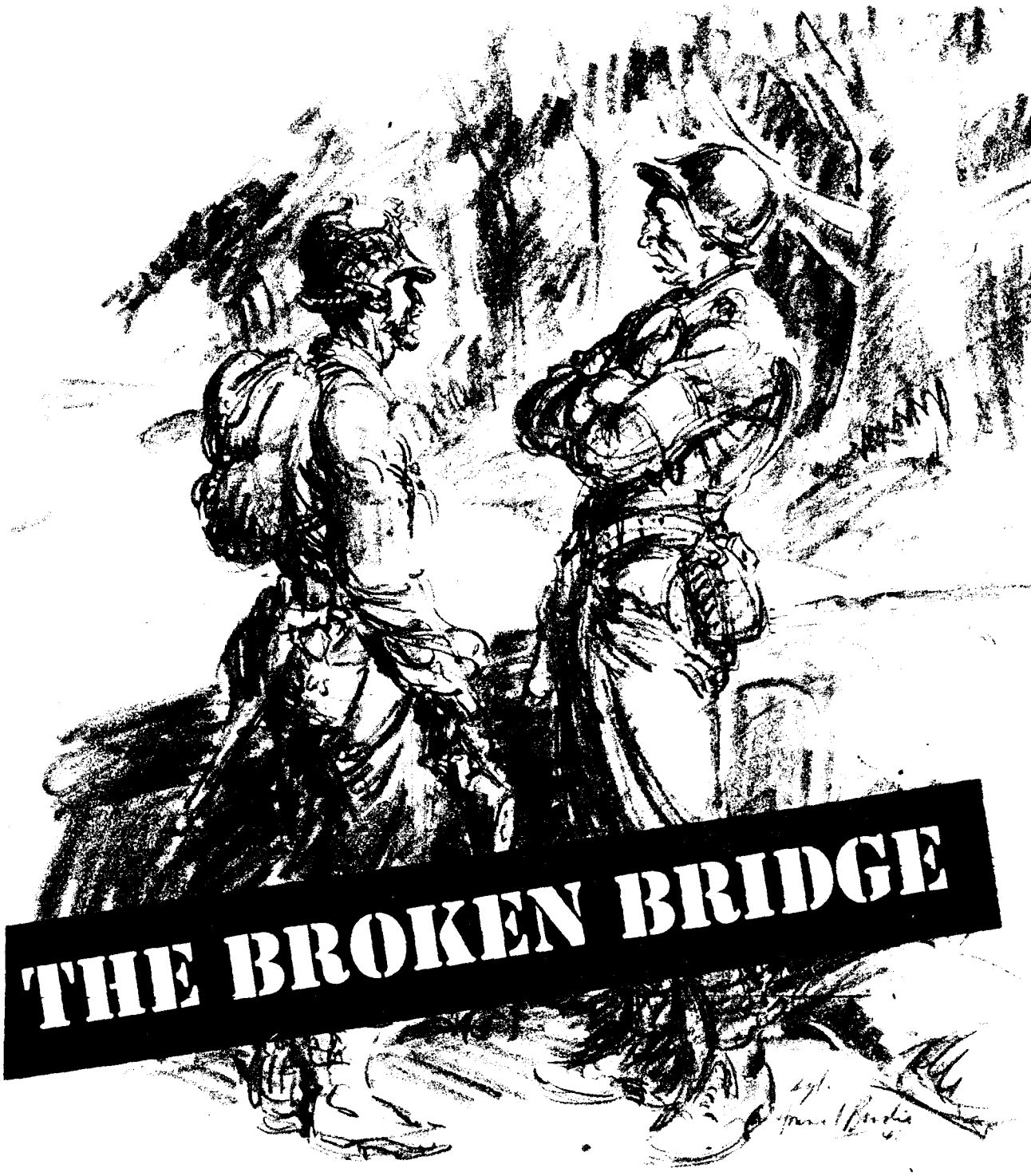

THE BROKEN BRIDGE

By Cpl. JASON MARKS

DARRELL knew this much—he had fallen asleep in the woods, and his squad had crossed the river without him. He didn't care, he couldn't get excited about this post VJ-Day training. He trotted over the dusty yellow Tennessee road that led to the bridge, a concrete arch only wide enough for one-way traffic. When he reached it, he was halted by a soldier wearing the white armband of an umpire and a .45 at his belt.

"Where are you going, buddy?" the umpire asked.

"I lost my outfit back there—821st Signal Battalion. See anything of them going across here?"

"Why?"

"What do you mean, 'why'?"

"Just why."

Darrell revised his approach.

"I lost my outfit, friend," he said amiably. "They're at least an hour ahead of me right now, and probably moving fast."

"And?" The umpire's face was hard and set. It didn't look likely to relax into friendliness and compliance.

"Well, I just wanted your permission to cross this bridge, that's all."

"See that?" The ump pointed to great splotches of flour and broken burlap bags on the middle of the bridge. "This bridge was bombed out by a Blue Army plane early this morning. A beautiful piece of flying, too, I must say. This bridge is busted, broken, destroyed beyond immediate repair. Of course, if you want to repair it?" A leer spread over his face.

First Darrell felt angry, and then he was struck with the comedy of the situation.

"I'd be here ten years fixing that bridge," he said, his eyes following the smooth, continuous contour of the concrete until it reached the other side. "As any fool can plainly see, there's a gap about five yards wide right in the middle. Of course, I might be able to jump it. I was a champ at the running-broad in college, you know. Used to do around 22 feet." He bent down in the position of a trackman at the starting line.

"And I've got the starter's gun," the umpire said, fingering his .45 in his holster. "Only this baby don't shoot blanks."

Darrell stood up and clucked his gums. "Just to think," he said, "only 15 feet. I could do that with these GI boots on."

"If you'll look again, buddy," the ump said, "that hole in the bridge is—let me see—about 20 yards wide. In fact, just about the whole damn bridge is gone. Look again. Your eyes must be going bad."

The playfulness of the situation was running out. So was Darrell's time. According to the prearranged plan, his squad was to rendezvous at a place five miles beyond the river at 1300. The ump's wristwatch read 1210 now. That would mean some pretty fast walking. He stole a glance at the human obstacle, to better size it up. It was tall, with a raw red face, squinty blue eyes and a very sharp nose. On the whole, a very confident and tricky-looking character.

This guy's gotta be human, Darrell thought.

"Look," he said. "What outfit you in?"

"Why?"

"Well, I just figured maybe I could do you a good turn some time."

"Look, fella, I'd like to let you cross that bridge. But I can't. I can only do what the brass tells me. That bridge is conked out. If you want to get across, you'll have to go downstream about 10 miles before you hit the next span. Either that, or swim."

Darrell stared dubiously at the brown water.

"How deep is it?" he asked.

"Well over your head in the middle. You're an athlete. I shouldn't think a creek like that would scare you."

The memory of the day he had nearly drowned in the Atlantic, off Cohasset, during a summer vacation, returned to him. Ever since then he had dreaded water. The few lessons in the company training pool hadn't overcome his fear.

"I'd rather stay over here."

"You might be captured."

"I don't mind doing a little KP."

"Take off your shirt."

"What do you mean?"

"I said take off your shirt," the ump said. "I'll show you how to make a balloon raft."

"I know how to do that," Darrell said, peeved. "Are you sure it'll float in fresh water?" He knew the question was nonsensical.

The ump scratched his head. "Never thought of that," he said. "You could test it where the water is shallow."

A sort of paralyzing fear had settled on Darrell. He simply didn't want to cross that river, unless it was by the bridge. Every nerve, every fiber, every muscle in his body forbade him to cross. He was prepared neither physically nor mentally.

"I'd rather not get wet," Darrell said. "All right if I smoke?"

"Yeh, go ahead."

"Have one?"

"Yeh, thanks." They lit their cigarettes and took long, hard puffs. Darrell removed his field pack, and lay down, using it for a pillow.

"Christ, it's hot," he said. He wiped his brow on his sleeve. His mind felt dull. Right now all he wanted to do was lie here and think of nothing.

"Hey, listen." The umpire was alert, watching the opposite bank of the river. Darrell got up reluctantly and looked too.

"I hear a staff car," the ump said, dousing his cigarette. "Better put out that fag." Darrell complied. A few seconds later, a staff car emerged from the woods across the river and approached the bridge. The ump ran out to intercept it on the bridge. Darrell retreated behind a clump of bushes and watched the proceedings from there.

The car stopped on the bridge, and the ump went up to the front window. He came to attention and saluted smartly. Then his head lowered for some words with the occupants of the car. Again he snapped to attention and saluted. The car crossed the bridge to Darrell's side. It passed him, and he was able to discern three stars on a collar in the back of the car. Darrell watched the car, its tires stained with flour, move off and disappear from sight.

A compelling fury lifted him to his feet and bore him up to the umpire.

"You bastard. You told me this bridge was out."

The umpire was very wary, hand on his holster.

"You bum," Darrell continued. "I supose you're going to tell me that bridge was suddenly repaired."

"That was Gen. Kane, bud, commander of the armed forces in this here maneuver."

"Yeah? Did you get a good look at him?"

"I was lookin' right at him, wasn't I? He said 'Hello, soldier' to me, didn't he? A right guy, the general. A right guy."

"Well, whaddya know?" Personally he didn't give a damn.

"He had three stars, and enough medals to fill a pawnshop window."

DARRELL hoisted on his field pack, slung on his rifle and began walking. He counted to himself. One step, two, three. Now he was nearly halfway across. He expected at any moment to hear the ump shout. Or suppose the ump pulled a pistol on him? He kept walking, hearing nothing but the soft rushing of water beneath and the soughing of the trees. He kept counting. Twenty-eight, twenty-nine, thirty.

He won't shoot. He won't say a thing. If the general can do it, so can I. Thirty-three, thirty-four. Still no shot. What's that guy doing back there? Laughing at me, dozing off, taking aim? With his body very straight and erect, he kept walking, slowly, with dignity. When he reached the other side, he took a deep breath, and turned around. At the far end of the bridge the umpire was looking the other way.

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Sports: Jackie Robinson

By Sgt. BOB STONE
YANK Staff Writer

JACKIE ROBINSON, the sensational backfield star of the UCLA football teams of 1939 and 1940, is about to shoulder one of the toughest and most responsible postwar jobs. He is going to be the first Negro athlete to enter big-time organized baseball. The eyes not only of the sports world but of everybody concerned with the destruction of racial prejudices in America will be upon him.

Robinson will make the big experiment next spring when he joins the Montreal Royals, the Brooklyn Dodgers' farm club in the International League. When Branch Rickey, the Dodgers' president, broke the unwritten but "sacred" lily-white tradition of the modern baseball industry and signed Robinson to a contract, the event was celebrated in a rash of sports-section headlines from the San Francisco *Chronicle* to the New York *World-Telegram*. Now that his phone has stopped ringing and he is able to eat breakfast without brushing a half-dozen newspaper photographers off his Shredded Wheat, Robinson has had time to reflect about the future and what it holds for him. He has his fingers crossed but he doesn't think it will be the ordeal that some people expect.

"Maybe I should buy a lot of cotton to stuff in my ears," he smiles. "I don't think I'll have to take anything I didn't have to take before but maybe there'll be more people ready to give it to me."

The main reason for the reluctance of the major and minor leagues to open the doors to Negroes, of course, is the club owners' fear of reaction from the great numbers of white Southern ball players who dominate their payrolls. Robinson recalls, however, that he played against many white Southerners during his college and professional football career. "And everything worked out okay," he says. And football, being a rougher type of contact sport than baseball, would be more likely to provoke antagonisms.

"I played football against Southern Methodist, Texas Christian and Texas A&M," he says. "Those boys played hard football and they really gave me a smacking at times. But I can say with perfect honesty that I never saw anything in any of those games that would indicate they were giving me the business because I was a Negro. The white boys on my club were getting smacked just as hard as I was."

Robinson wouldn't be mixed up with the Dodgers and International League baseball today if it weren't for an ankle that he broke in 1932 while playing football for Pasadena Junior College just before he went to UCLA.

The ankle didn't keep him from being drafted into the Army in April 1942. In those days they were taking everybody except the guys whose Seeing Eye dogs had flat feet. And once he was in the Army, the ankle didn't keep him from going to OCS, either.

But in the summer of 1944, when Robinson was a lieutenant in the 761st Tank Battalion at Camp Hood, Tex., it kept him from going overseas with his outfit.

"My CO sent me to the hospital for a physical checkup and they changed my status to permanent limited service. After that I kicked around the tank destroyers doing a little bit of everything. Then I wound up as a lieutenant in an infantry battalion at Camp Breckinridge. In October 1944 I was given a 30-day leave and put on inactive duty. I'm still on inactive duty. What I'd like to know is, do I have to go back into active duty to get separated or will they just notify me that I'm out?"

The inactive Lt. Robinson tried playing some pro football on the Pacific Coast after he took off his pink pants and green blouse, but the ankle gave out on him again. He says it won't interfere with his baseball, though.

That next winter—the winter of 1944-1945—he coached basketball at Sam Houston College in Texas. The next spring he began to think about baseball.

Robinson had never played much baseball until he got out of the Army. During his school and college days he was too busy with other sports. Football had been his main dish. He had led the Pacific Coast Basketball Conference in scoring as a forward at UCLA during the 1939-1940 and 1940-1941 seasons, bagging 148 points in 12 games the first winter and 133 points for the same number of games the second year. In 1938 he established a broad jump record of 25 feet, 6½ inches at the Southern California Junior College track meet. But until 1944, when he was an inactive lieutenant, Robinson had played no baseball worth mentioning except a few games with a team called the Pasadena Sox in 1938 and 1939.

In his first summer out of uniform, he tried out as an infielder on the fast Kansas City Monarchs, one of the best Negro clubs, and made the grade with plenty to spare. He wound up as the regular shortstop, batting for a nice .300. Then last August Branch Rickey called him in for the talk which led to his signing with Montreal.

Right now he is taking it easy in New York, waiting to get married "the first Sunday in February" to Rachel Isum, a nurse from California. Jackie, incidentally, is a native of Cairo, Ga., but he has lived most of his life with his widowed mother in Pasadena, Calif. He's only 26 years old.

"I realize what I'm going into," he says. "I realize what it means to me and to my race and to baseball, too. I'm very happy for this chance and I can only say that I'll do my best to make the grade."

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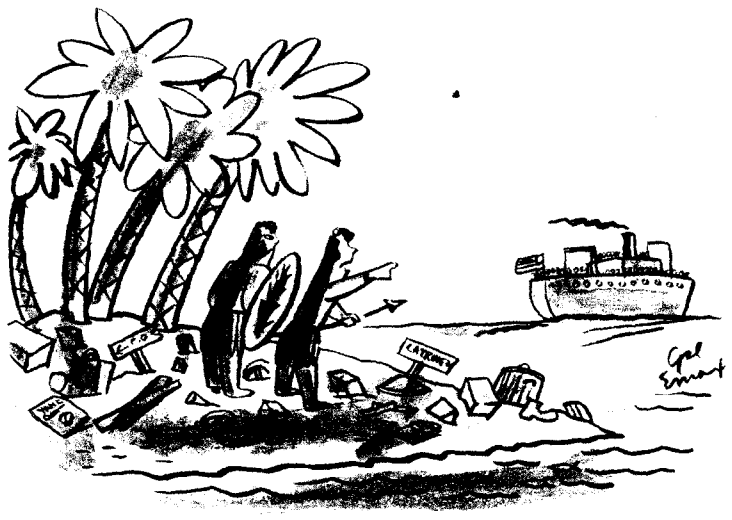
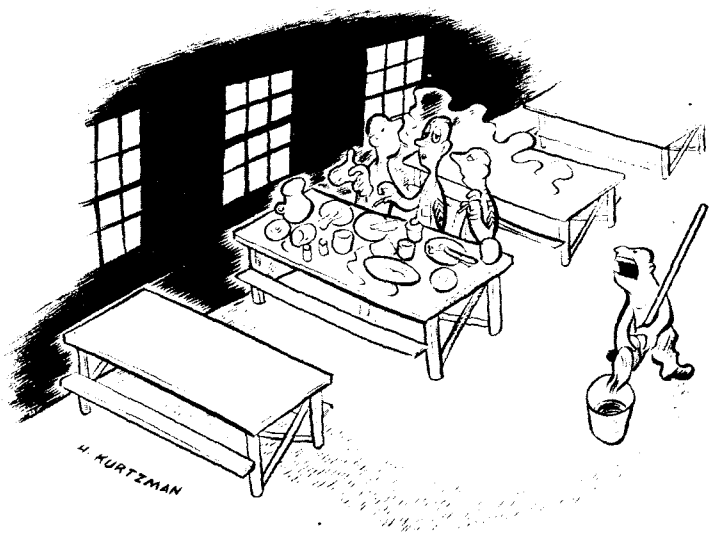
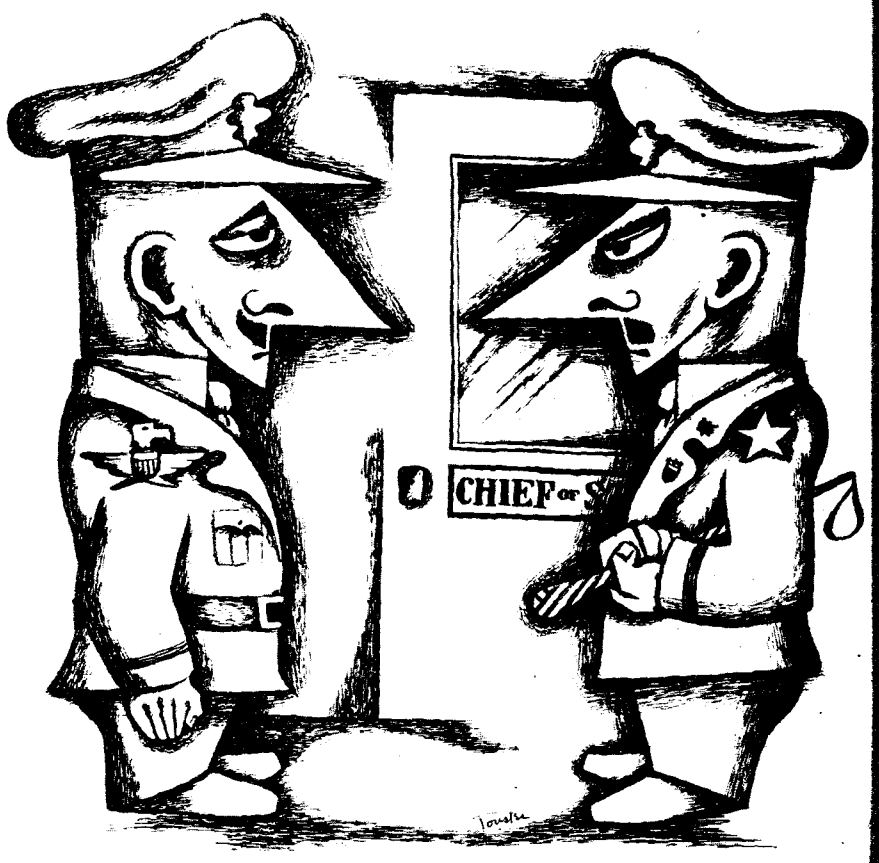


"HEY, MAC! WHO'S GONNA CLEAN UP THIS JUNK?"
—Cpl. Ernest Maxwell



"AWRIGHT, YOU GUYS, THIS AIN'T THE OFFICERS' CLUB!"
—T-5 Harvey Kurtzman



"VERY POOR INSPECTION, JACOBS. YOUR SHOES WERE DUSTY, YOUR BED WAS MESSY, DIRT UNDER YOUR BED. I HAD TO RESTRICT YOUR ORDERLY THREE DAYS."
—Cpl. Irwin Touster

No more Subscriptions

The end of 1945 will see the end of YANK. For this reason it will be impossible to accept any further subscriptions to the magazine. All subscription money received after Nov. 1, 1945, is being returned to the senders.

YANK subscribers who are caught short with unexpired subscriptions by our closing date will be repaid according to the number of issues they miss. Checks will be mailed to cover all such unexpired subscriptions, both domestic and overseas, to the addresses at which subscriptions are listed on our records of Nov. 1, 1945.

"THEN CAME D-PLUS-ONE."
—Sgt. Tom Flannery

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